Cambria Freeman.

W. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

Terms, $2 per year, in advance.

VOLUME VIII. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 1, 1874. NUMBER 15.

STATEMENT OF SETTLEMENT with P. B. MOYER, one of the Supervisors of Washington Township, for the year 1873: [illegible] P. Moyer, in acc't with Washington Twp., Dr.

Amount of Duplicate	$793.23	
Balance due Township at last settlement	21.88	
Cash received	30.35	$ 945.46
Cr.		
Amount of work as per books	755.81	
Three per cts to Commissioners	27.70	
Abatements	10.30	
Order to P. Donahoe (estate)	27.80	
" No. 12. John Kelly	1.50	
" " 8. Thos. Donahoe	4.00	
" " 8. John Kelly	1.50	
" " Peter Browne	5.25	
" " 6. Wm. McGough	4.50	
" " Philip Warner	8.00	
" " 9. Peter Brown	8.60	
" " 5. Nicholas Behe	6.85	
" " 1. Mrs. A. Murphy	6.10	
" " 12. C. Robine	1.50	
" " 12. Thos. Donahoe	1.50	
Receipt, P. B. Skelly	15.00	
" H. Walters' Docket	14.09	
" H. R. Martin	18.75	
" H. R. Martin	10.00	
" James Skelly	52	$1,048.27
Balance due P. B. Moyer		$ 99.81

We, the undersigned Auditors, do certify that the above is a correct statement of settlement with P. B. Moyer.

J. P. O'NEILL,
JAMES NOON,
JOS. LYNCH,
} Auditors.

STATEMENT OF SETTLEMENT with MICHAEL BRADLEY, one of the Supervisors of Washington Township:

M. Bradley, in acc't with Washington Twp.,	Dr.	
Amount of Duplicate		$1,359.47
	Cr.	
Work on Roads, as per acc't	$958.35	
Abatements	10.95	
115 days work at $1.50 per day	165.00	
Order, Geo. M. Reade (Sept. 1873)	3.00	
" No. 18, J. H. Kennedy	1.50	
" James Noon	8.70	
" James Noon	1.50	
" 5, James Noon	2.50	
" 3, M. Bradley	59.02	
Receipt, Johnston & Scanlan, (late J. McGonigle,)	42.50	
" do. do.	134.79	
Order No. 7, Christ. Robine	4.75	
" 9, H. A. McPike	9.00	
" 7, James Noon	1.50	
" "	4.50	
Receipt, M. & J. Brown	17.71	
Order, Noon	3.00	
" No. 4, M. Bradley	6.50	
Receipt, Johnston & Scanlan	15.0	
Order, Noon & Brown's	7.55	$1,439.56
Balance due Bradley		$ 7.89

We, the undersigned Auditors, do certify that the above is a correct statement of settlement with M. Bradley.

J. P. O'NEILL,
JAMES NOON,
JOS. LYNCH,
} Auditors.

NOTICE on the Heirs and Legal Representatives of CHRISTIAN SMAY, late Summerhill township, dec'd, to accept or refuse.

Cambria county, ss:

The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to JACOB SMAY and NICHOLAS SMAY, Heirs and Legal Representatives of CHRISTIAN SMAY, late of Summerhill township, deceased,—

Greeting:

You and every of you are hereby cited to be and appear before the Judges of our Orphans' Court, at Ebensburg, in and for said county, on the first Monday of JUNE next, then and there to accept or refuse to take the real estate of Christian Smay, deceased, at the appraised value put upon it by an Inquest duly awarded by said Court, and returned by the Sheriff of said county, on the 16th day of August, A. D. 1873, a part of the same should not be sold, to wit: A certain HOMESTEAD, situate in Summerhill township, adjoining lands of Catherine Fairer, Sr., Cormic and Jas. McGough, containing one hundred and four acres, more or less, seventy-five acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two-and-one-half story frame and part plank house, two frame bank barns, one wagon-house, valued and appraised at the sum of three thousand, three hundred and fifty-six dollars. Also, a tract of timber land situate in Summerhill township, adjoining lands of Martin & Co., Mowatt, and others, containing one hundred and thirty acres, valued and appraised at the sum of one hundred and thirty-two dollars and no cents, last not.

Whereof the Honorable JOHN DEAN, President of our said Court at Ebensburg, the 8th day of April, A. D. 1874.

Attest: JAMES M. SINGER, Clerk O. C.

A true copy.

Attest: JAMES KERR, Sheriff. [L.S.] [4-10.4t.]

LAND for SALE.

Will sell at Private Sale, at a low price,

1,000 Acres Timber Land,

situate in White township, Cambria county, Pa., and being part of what is known as the

JEREMIAH MOSHER TRACT,

bounded by lands of Joseph Fry, Miles Davis, Rob't Davis and John Gallagher.

Persons wishing to purchase will please call on

JAMES F. MILLIKEN,
Hollidaysburg, Pa.

Any information that will lead to the conviction of any person cutting timber on the above tract will be liberally rewarded. [4-17.-6t.

PUBLIC SALE.—Will be offered for sale at public outcery, at the Summit, on Monday, May 2d, proximo, the following personal property, to wit: A PIECE OF GROUND, situate about FOUR LOTS, with a two-story house thereon erected opposite the "Mansion House," of Summitville, and well known as the First property. Also, a comfortable TWO LOTS OF GROUND in said Borough, on which is a Well of excellent water and a variety of Fruit Trees in full bearing. Household and kitchen Furniture, consisting of Beds and Bedsteads, Tables, Chairs, Bureaus, &c. Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M., when the terms will be made known.

HENRY HUGHES,
MARY D. HUGHES.

Summitville, April 24, 1874.-2t.

PUBLIC SALE.—The subscribers will offer at Public Sale, at their residence in Allegheny Township, on SATURDAY, May 2d, 1874, the following personal property, to wit: Cows and Heifers; one 4-horse power Threshing Machine; one small Cider Mill and Screw; Harrows, Sleds, and other farming implements, together with a variety of Household and Kitchen Furniture, too tedious to mention. Also, the FARM on which they reside, for sale. Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M., when terms will be made known by

JOHN C. DIMOND.
JAMES MORELAND.

Ebensburg Twp., April 24, 1874.-2t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned Auditor, appointed by Court to report distribution of Cambria county to report distribution of the money in the hands of W. B. Bonsall, Esq., arising from the sale of certain real property on writs of John E. Scanlan, to the use of M. Adams, dec'd, vs. Owen Cunningham, and John Kirchner vs. Frederick Fulton, hereby gives notice that he will attend to the duties of his appointment, at his office in Ebensburg, on Thursday, the 21st DAY OF MAY next, at 1 o'clock, P. M., of said day, when and where all persons interested may attend or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.

ALVIN EVANS, Auditor.

Ebensburg, April 17, 1874.-3t.

NOTICE.—All persons are hereby cautioned against purchasing a NOTE given by PATRICK MCCULLOUGH, dated April 1st, 1874, and payable in nine months thereafter, for $100, as the undersigned has not received value for said note and will not pay the same unless compelled so to do by law.

Ebensburg, April 17, 1874.-3t.* V. ANSMAN.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made at the June Session, 1874, to bring the Borough of Summitville, within the restrictions and provisions of the Act of Assembly of 1851.

JOHN E. STORM, Burgess.

Summitville, April 10, 1874.-4t.

J. GALLITZIN LAKE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Ebensburg, Cambria Co., Pa.

Antiquities.

There is no song like an old song
That we have not heard for years;
Each simple note appears to throng
With shapes that swim in tears.
It may have been a cheerful strain,
But 'twas so long ago
That glee, grown old, has turned to pain,
And mirth has turned to woe.

There is no friend like an old friend,
Whose life-path mates our own,
Whose dawn and noon, whose eve and end,
Have known what we have known.
It may be when we read his face
We note a trace of care;
'Tis well that friends in life's last grace
Share sighs as smiles they share.

There is no love like an old love,
A lost, may be, or dead;
Whose place, since she has gone above,
No other fills instead.
It is not we'll ne'er love anew,
For life were drear if so,
But that first love had roots that grew
Where others cannot grow.

There are no days like the old days,
When we, not they, were young;
When all life's rays were golden rays
And wrong had never stung.
Dear Heart! If now our steps could pass
Through paths of childhood's morn,
And the dew of youth lie on the grass
Which Time's fell scythe has shorn!

Old song, old friend, old love, old days;
Old things, yet never old,
A stream that's dark till sunshine plays
And changes it to gold;
Through all winds memory's river on,
'Mid banks of sore regret,
But a gleam's on the peaks of long-agone,
That softens sadness yet.

A STORY OF MYSTERY AND WOE.

A more honest fellow than Pennington Smythe never lived. He was young—say twenty-two or three—full of a large assortment of varied enthusiasms, possessed of an unlimited belief in the goodness of human nature, and absolutely incapable of falsehood.

And yet, curiously enough, he had a passion for mysteries. Although practically a common-place Presbyterian, he nevertheless affected to believe in the mysteries of Rosicrucianism. He was perpetually striving, with conspicuous want of success, to magnetize his friends, and although he was too orthodox to believe in Spiritualism, he lived in constant hopes of inducing his washstand to move and his writing-table to rap, by the patient contact of his tireless hands. As for secret societies they were his delight. He belonged to nearly every ancient and venerable order of very modern mechanics and grocerymen in existence, and kept locked up in his trunk more flaring gilt badges and fantastically trimmed aprons, and horse-collars than would have sufficed to purchase the sovereignty of a dozen African kingdoms.

And there never was a more honest and straightforward little girl than Mary Morris, to whom Smythe was engaged to be married. She was just out of boarding-school, and her respectable father—in the wholesale lard business—and her equally respectable mother—in the wholesale family business—and all her thirteen brothers and sisters of assorted sexes, were ready to swear—or affirm, as the case might be—that Mary was as good as gold, and many times as valuable.

The engagement of these two young persons was with the full approbation of the elder Smythes and Morrises. Young Pennington was expected to spend three evenings every week with his betrothed, and they were always accommodated with a convenient back-parlor in which to converse after the manner of their kind. In these circumstances Pennington Smythe ought to have been happy, but he was not. There was no mystery about his love affair, and the fact weighed upon his spirits.

He did what he could to convince himself that the respectable old Mr. Morris, who used to say when Pennington made his appearance, "Now, you children, keep out of hat there back parlor, and give Mary and her young man a show"—was bitterly opposed to the match, and must be kept from perceiving that his daughter was beloved by her "young man." But the only possible way which he could devise to throw an air of secrecy over the affair, was to write notes to his beloved in a very cramped hand, and to deliver them himself. Usually he had to read them, too, since his handwriting was too mystical to be readily deciphered, and when they were read they usually contained nothing but an amplification of the innocuous idea that he, Pennington Smythe, proposed to love her, Mary Morris, in spite of every obstacle. As there were no conceivable obstacles this statement was not one of tremendous moment; but still it gave young Smythe no little comfort to make it in writing and deliver it with an air of immense secrecy.

One day a happy thought struck him. How delightful it would be to correspond with his darling in cipher. This idea filled him with a calm, mystical joy that was really a first-class sensation. So he devised a cipher of the kind so much in vogue among school-girls, and which consisted in substituting one letter for another, and instantly wrote a brief note to Mary. This he carried to her the same evening, together with a key, and attained the seventh heaven of mystical delight in transmitting it to her.

Poor Mary suffered much from this cipher. It was very hard work for her to write an intelligible letter with the new alphabet. She continually made mistakes in it, and so kept Pennington out of his bed for hours, while with locked doors and shaded windows he tried to decipher some such sentence as, "I do so long to see you." It was only when mistakes were made in the use of this cipher that it became at all difficult of comprehension to an ordinary reader. Poor Pennington had not devoted much attention to the subject of cryptography, or he would have known that there is nothing more transparent than a cipher which merely consists of the substitution of one letter for another. He was, however, soon to learn this fact in a very unpleasant way.

One evening Mary dropped a note which she had received by mail, and it was picked up by her father. The old gentleman was wild with horror. There was his trusted daughter actually corresponding with some unknown villain in cipher. Obviously the cipher must have some shameful secret. He sat in his arm-chair with the open note in his hand, and serious thoughts of immediate apoplexy in his mind, when his son Tom, a young fellow just home from college, entered, and, frightened at his father's expression of face, asked and received an explanation.

Tom was a bright young fellow, and he at once remarked that it was hardly worth while to take to apoplexy until it was really apparent that the mysterious note contained something wrong. He suspected that it was written by the mystery-loving Smythe, and he did not doubt his ability to read it. The note ran as follows:

CRSM PSMX: H TBDS XBC SYC STFSXN FHTT. OSYYHYDUBY NPXULS.

In less than ten minutes Tom had translated this innocent mystery into the words, "Dear Mary, I love you and always will. Pennington Smythe," and thus banished his father's doubt and wretchedness. However, the old man was angry enough to desire to give the unfortunate Pennington a lesson which he might remember. So when the young man made his usual evening call he was awaited in the parlor by the incensed father and his greatly amused son, and addressed in the following stern and cruel words:

"Mr. Smythe, what do you mean by writing to my innocent daughter in such infamous style as this, sir?" and he shook Pennington's letter before his astonished eyes.

"Sir," replied the youth, "it is not infamous. It is an entirely proper note. All the world might see it."

"Then why the devil did you write it in this outlandish lingo?" returned the father.

"She is not to blame," hastily urged Pennington, judiciously shirking the main question. I assure you she never can read them without my help, and when she writes them she makes so many mistakes that often I can't make head or tail of them."

"By 'them' I suppose you mean the letters written in cipher," replied Mr. Morris. "Well, I won't add to your trouble. Only let me advise you not to write any more cipher notes, my boy. Tom, here, read your note almost as easy as if it had been written in print. There, go along now, and don't be silly again—at least, any more than you can help, you know." And the old man, quite recovered from his anger, went laughingly away.

Pennington lingered. "Is it really true, Tom, that you could read it without a key?" he doubtfully asked.

Of course I could. Why, Pen, there is nothing easier to read than that sort of cipher. If you will write in cipher—and I don't see why you shouldn't if you want to, though you'll find it beastly tiresome—I can tell you of a cipher that no one can possibly translate."

"If you would be so very kind," murmured Pennington.

"Why," continued Tom, "you select some book. Then out of the words in this book you make your cipher. For instance, you want to write 'dear,' as I presume you do, and you find it, say, on the twelfth page of the book, in the second line from the top, and the third word in the line. You then represent it by the numbers 12, 2, 3. And so with the rest of your note. You see, no human being could possibly read it unless they happened to guess what book you used."

Pennington was overjoyed at this delightful plan, and, thanking Tom warmly, hastened to unfold the new cipher to Mary. He felt at perfect liberty to disregard Mr. Morris' advice not to write in cipher, for he now decided that Mary's father would be justifiably regarded as a hoary-headed tyrant, bent upon separating two loving hearts, and only fit to be circumvented by careful strategy. So he selected a novel of which he knew that both Mary and himself possessed copies; explained the new cipher with the utmost care, and after he reached home put it in immediate practice by writing a brief note and sending it by post, as he would be unable to see her next evening. This is what he wrote:

35.9.5—33.2.3—45.4.4—69.5.9—65.4.5—51.15.6—15.1.4—77.1.1—85.19.9—83.4.2—83.8.6—89.5.2—39.2.6—117.5.6—71.17.8.

Now the book upon which this cipher was based was printed in double columns. Unfortunately Pennington forgot to explain which of these columns he intended to use. However, he decided to use the outer column trusting that the other heart, which, as he frequently remarked, was one of two "which beat as one," would instinctively divine his selection.

Two nights afterwards he reached the Morris' door, full of delightful anticipations. He was met by old Mr. Morris, who, thrusting a note into his hand, explained, with much unnecessary emphasis, and a total disregard of the commonest rules of politeness, that if he ever venturned to present himself at that house again he would be kicked down the front steps, mixed up in complicated relations with the family bulldog, and committed to the final care of the police.

He went home maddened with this very undesirable mystery, and confident that old Morris had been attacked with delirium tremens, and was an exceedingly unsafe acquaintance. Once in his room, he sat down to read the crumpled letter that had been forced upon him. It was his own letter to Mary. Below the cipher was written Mary's translation of it. The poor girl had tried to translate it by using the inner columns of the book, and with the following unsatisfactory result:

"You liar when almost hate her and farewell you deceitful never again and base infamy."

And still further down on the page was written in Mary's hand, "I can make out enough of your letter to see it is a cruel, wicked insult, and I shall tell papa."

It flashed across Pennington's remnant of a mind that perhaps Mary had made a mistake in the columns of the book. He seized the volume and verified his suspicion. The innocent note that he had written was actually transformed, by the simple process of reading it with the wrong column as a key, into the incoherent, but obviously impolite letter, which had wrought such unhappy consequences.

Pennington sank into his chair utterly overwhelmed. He called himself all the choice names that old Morris had applied to him, together with a large selection of other epithets. He spent an hour in this profitable occupation. At the end of that time he had formed a resolution which he proceeded to put into immediate execution.

He rose up, and going to his trunk, took out his secret society emblems and solemnly threw them in the grate. He next sat down and wrote twelve separate resignations for twelve different lodges. Then he wrote a solemn pledge never, to the day of his death, to meddle with cipher or any other mystery, and, finally, writing out a full history of the cipher letter, sent it, together with the book which he had used as a key, his pledge to solemnly abstain from mysteries, and an humble apology to old Morris.

Of course his explanation was accepted, and Mary forgave him. Several years have passed since that event, but if you want to make Pennington Smythe blush with wretchedness, all that is necessary is to ask him if he knows of any good, trustworthy cipher.

That Buried Treasure.

A San Francisco paper says: "The usually quiet town of Truckee has been considerably excited of late over the organization of a company to search for diamonds and gold long since buried on the coast of Florida. It is said that the company have a cash capital of little less than $40,000, and nearly all of the solid men of the town are said to have taken stock. It seems that a colored man by the name of Jeff Hogan, who has been administering chickens, eggs, trout, Russian snipe, etc., to hungry travelers over the Central Pacific Railroad, and one Joe Mason, have discovered of late that they were both on board a certain pirate vessel about thirty years ago, and were eye-witnesses to the burying of a vast amount of gold and diamond jewelry. Jeff says that his life was spared on account of his being cook, and Mason's on account of his youth—being then but about ten years old. When first told, the story was not believed, but after awhile persons were found of sufficient gullibility to accept the whole story and enlist in the enterprise."

Bold Kidnappers.

A correspondent writing from the City of Mexico says: "Not long since, a rich man, Senor Cervantes, was kidnapped in the evening in one of the most central streets. He passed between two files of loungers who politely—this is old Spanish politeness—opened to let him pass. He was put into a coach at hand and driven to the house of a well-to-do Spaniard, who kept a grocery store; this also situated on the plaza, also in a central part. Here he was placed in a sort of grave dug below the floor, and messengers were carrying his letters and arranging ransom. But his friends and Governor Montrel and the police were wide awake also, and after some days the letter-carrier and others were caught, including the owner of the house, the Spaniard Senor Bello, the head of the conspiracy. The victim was rescued alive, and in less than twenty-four hours this Bello and two others who were most guilty were shot at Bello's doors, and afterwards hanged above the place of their crime, and exposed to the public gaze till the sun went down."

A Spell of Joking.

"The irrepressible joker at the Banks Club, the other day," says "After Dinner," "while touching up his oysters with pepper from the castor, observed to the waiter that 'the pepper was half peas.' 'Oh no,' said the polite attendant, 'that is the best sort of pepper.' 'Well, I tell you it is half peas; call Mr. Mills.' That gentleman came, and the joker remarked, 'I always expect to get the best of everything in this house, but this pepper is half peas.' 'That can't be so; we take especial pains to procure it, and have it ground in our own mill.' 'Well, it is so, and I can prove it.' 'If you can, I should like to have you.' 'Well, John, you just spell it.' And the amiable proprietor retired with a sweet and gentle smile on his benevolent face.

"I DIDN'T at all expect company to-day," said a lady to her visitors, with a not very pleasant look; "but I hope you'll make yourselves at home." "Yes, indeed," replied one of them, starting off; "I will make myself at home as quick as possible."

DEAR MOTHER, COME HOME.

Mother, dear mother, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes ten,
You said that you only wanted to stay
One hour to pray out the men.
The beds are not made, the dishes unwashed,
And our hired girl, she is out, too,
While all the children are still undressed,
And sadly crying for you.

CHORUS.

Come home! come home! come home!
Please, mother, dear mother, come home!
Hear the sweet voice of your child;
Do not forsake us at home;
How can you resist? Do leave off your prayers!
Please mother, we need you at home.

Mother, dear mother, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes 'leven,
For all the duties that you neglect
You'll answer to Father in Heaven.
Our fire is low, and pa will soon come.
And dinner I cannot complete,
While, weary and worn with five hours' work,
He'll look for something to eat.

CHORUS—Come home, &c.

Mother, dear mother, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes twelve;
The dinner's not ready, and pa has come,
With the food lying cold on the shelf.
He seemed so sad, and spoke with a sigh,
As he was asking for you;
And Willie he kissed with a tear in his eye;
Please mother! dear mother! 'twon't do.

CHORUS—Come home, &c.

Mother, dear mother, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes one;
You said you were coming right home from the street,
As soon as your prayers were done.
Our fire has gone out, and we are alone,
And pa's hungry at work until tea;
And Willie, poor boy, is not feeling well,
With no one to help him but me.

CHORUS—Come home, &c.

Mother, dear mother, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes two;
The house has grown cold, poor Willie is worse,
And he has been calling for you.
Indeed he is worse; I'm afraid he will die
If you'll not cease praying out men;
And these are the words I came to bring:
Hasten home if you'd see him again.

CHORUS—Come home, &c.

Mother, dear mother, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes three;
The house is lonely, the hours are long,
For Willie has gone and left me!
Yes, I am alone; poor Willie is dead,
And gone up to heaven's bright dome,
And these were the very last words he said—
"I want dear mamma at home."

CHORUS—Come home, &c.

TER VIMMIN.

LAMENTATIONS OF A BESIEGED TEUTON.

Who makes dot rumpus mit ter shin?
Who makes der visky var begin?
Who say der draffic is a sin?
Ter vimmin!

Who calls mine peer "ter nashdy shlop,"
Und my saloon "Hell's Kitchen Shop,"
Und shvear my peeziness she vill sthop!
Ter vimmin!

Who come to my saloon vun day
Und make some droubles right avay?
Who kneel around my par und bray?
Ter vimmin!

Who dalk ter "bizen stuff" apoud,
Und sing, und cry, und preach, und shout?
Who vant to let my pungholes out?
Ter vimmin!

Who, ven she vas der house oud sent
Vas on my toorstep made a dent,
Und shvear to lay a siege she meant?
Ter vimmin!

Who, ven my gostomers so dry
Vas vant some gockdails on ter sly,
Vas sure to catch him in her eye?
Ter vimmin!

Who putton-hole each man she meet
Und dalk to him so kind und shveet,
Und coax him not himself to treat?
Ter vimmin!

The Danger of Using Shot for Cleaning Bottles.

Fordos has recently directed attention to the dangers of lead poisoning where shot are used for cleaning bottles that are to be used for wine and other beverages. When shot are placed in a glass with water, carbonate of lead is at once formed, a portion of it being noticed as a precipitate in the water, while another portion of it attaches itself as a thin film to the sides of the vessel. This film adheres so firmly to the glass that it cannot be removed by rinsing with water alone, an acid being required to remove it. When shot are used for cleaning bottles which are afterwards well rinsed out, the carbonate of lead suspended in the water will be removed, but that portion which is attached to the sides of the bottle remains, and is afterward dissolved by the liquid placed in the bottle, if it possesses a sufficient solvent power. If the shot are only shaken up with water for a short time, it is scarcely possible for the carbonate of lead to become attached to the sides of the bottles, but oftentimes the shot are left in the bottle with the water for some time. Besides, the rinsing is not always done so carefully as it should be, and the carbonate of lead suspended in the water is not all removed. Fordos took four half-pint medicine glasses that had been cleaned with shot, and in one he placed white wine, in another red wine, in the third quinine wine, and in the fourth vinegar. After standing two days each was found to contain a considerable quantity of lead.

Another danger might also arise from shot getting lodged in the narrow creases at the bottom of certain bottles, when the action of an acid upon it would dissolve not only the lead, but also the arsenic which is always present in the shot in sufficient quantity to render the liquids poisonous.

A sweet little boy, only eight years old—bless his little heart—walked into the scene of a teacher's examination at Oswego, last week, and bawled out, "Annie your feller is down to the house!"

A Novel in One Chapter.

Some six or seven years ago, by one of the current accidents of social intercourse, there came together, and got interested in each other, in an Atlantic city, a young man and a young woman. The man was educated, in professional life, of good social rank, and generally esteemed of more than average ability. Those who thought best of him believed he was sure, sooner or later, to do great things.

In the mean time, he had the misfortune to be poor. The young woman was the daughter of a rich manufacturer. She had been brought up to attach at least its proper value to money, and, in fact, to attach too much credit to its possession.

She had too much innate refinement to be purse-proud; but living always with those who, possibly for lack of anything better, pique themselves on their possessions, is not likely to have a wholesome effect on impressionable youth. Be this as it may, an affection sprang up between these two people, avowed in time on both sides, cemented by every reciprocal pledge of fidelity.

The matter became known, after a space, to the lady's family, and then began the peculiar phase of the story that has now reached its climax. An explanation having become necessary, the lover was confronted with the statement from his perfidious adored one, that he had totally misconceived her feelings and intentions. There was much talk, but this was the gist and end of it. The invention was as palpable as its purpose.

Astonished as was the poor fellow, he was equally helpless. Either the girl's own pride or the stress of family influence, had led her to adopt a course, which, however painful or however wicked, presented the advantage of admitting absolutely of no appeal. Bewildered, humiliated and stricken to the heart, the suitor accepted the situation like a brave, if also like a sensitive man. Adieux were exchanged in the guise of friendliness, but when the discarded admirer went away he made up his mind that he had gone away forever. The play and the reality are in precise accord here, and they continue wonderfully so to the end.

Years rolled by, and the affluent manufacturer, who had thought himself far away beyond the caprice of fortune, by a series of unlucky chances became slightly embarassed. Tight money markets, the failure of correspondents, the encroachments of competitors, a reduced demand in his special trade, each, or all, increased this embarassment until at last, in advanced age, and living in a most expensive manner, he found himself on the brink of failure and ruin. Pending this, the "whirligigs of time" had been at work in good earnest. The man who had been so dextrously—or shamelessly—cozened out of his bride, partly by the force of his natural genius, partly by good fortune, had risen to wealth and power.

By one of those strange chances which it is the fashion to say happen only on the stage, or in sensation romance, but which do in sooth often come to pass in real life, the key, so to speak, to the manufacturer's position fell into this gentleman's hands. Notes to a large amount made by the former Crœsus, potential influence with the corporations and individuals with whom his affairs were most blended, were at the control of the lover of five years ago. By a natural process again, it fell out that the old position was resumed, but this time under *happier auspices*. It was natural that the younger man should hail with joy the chance to recover his lost love. An engagement was soon made, then, on terms easy to imagine, and this time without any lying or equivocation.

The relative situations had changed, and there was room both for a happy revival of the past and politic silence concerning it. On the bridal day the groom presented himself, and then, in the presence of the bride's family and friends, came the climax. It is not to be justified, and yet none can say it was not a righteous retribution. To be brief, the bridegroom, in the drama and the reality, are in the same exact accordance up to the catastrophe.

On the morning of the day fixed for the wedding, and at an hour fixed for signing necessary papers, the bridegroom proceeded calmly to tell the whole truth of his relations with the young lady and her family. Having recited the nature of his provocation, he wound up by announcing that of his revenge. This consisted in his utter refusal ever to wed the woman he once had loved, and to whom he had thus been for a second time affianced. The indignation and excitement that followed need not be described. The act was cruel, unmanly; but it must be remembered that for years the iron had been cutting into the perpetrator's soul. In the play, the girl, who, throughout everything, tenderly loves the man whom she once betrayed, and so taught to betray herself, marries him after all, when she is just dying of a broken heart. In the drama of real life, the action has proceeded only as far as we have related.

A GENTLEMAN asked the veteran actor, Charles Mathews, how he had managed to preserve his youthful spirits and vigor so exceedingly well. "Well," answered the comedian, "I have lived a pretty free life, but I have always made it a rule to have eight hour's sleep out of the twenty-four. No matter where I was, or what the temptation. I would have my sleep. And then I always eat four good sound meals a day."—"But are you not a great smoker?"—"Well, no; not so very much of a smoker. I begin every morning, it is true, but then I leave off at night."

The Silver Cup.

The palace of the Duke de Montre was decorated for a banquet. A thousand wax lights burned in its stately rooms, making them bright as mid-day. Along the walls glowed the priceless tapestry of the Gobelines, and beneath the foot lay the fabrics of Persia. Rare vases, filled with flowers, stood on the marble stands, and their breath went up like incense before the life-like pictures shining in their golden frames above. In the great hall stood immense tables covered with delicacies from all lands and climes. Upon the side-board glittered massive plate, and the rich glass of Murano. Music, now low and soft, now bold and high, floated in through the opened casement, and was answered at intervals by tones of magic sweetness.

All was ready. The noble and gifted poured into the gorgeous saloons. Silks rustled, plumes waved, and jeweled embroideries flashed from Genoa velvets. Courtly congratulations fell from every lip, for the Duke de Montre had made a new step in the path to power. Wit sparkled, the laugh went round, and his guests pledged him in wine that a hundred years had mellowed. Proudly the duke replied; but his brow darkened, and his cheek paled with passion, for his son sat motionless before his untasted cup.

"Wherefore is this?" he angrily demanded. "When did my first-born learn to insult his father?"

The graceful stripling sprang from his seat, and knelt meekly before his parent. His sunny curls fell back from his upturned face, and his youthful countenance was radiant with a brave and generous spirit.

"Father," he said, "I last night learned a lesson that sunk into my heart. Let me repeat it, and then, at thy command, I will drain the cup. I saw a laborer stand at the door of a gay shop. He held in his hand the earnings of a week, and his wife, with a sickly babe and two famishing litle ones, clung to his garments and besought him not to enter. He tore himself away, for his thirst was strong, and, but for the care of a stranger, his family would have perished.

"I went on, and, father, a citizen of noble air and majestic form descended the wide steps of his fine mansion. His wife put back the curtains, and watched him eagerly and wistfully as he rode away. She was very, very lonely, fairer than any lady of the court, but the shadow of a sad heart was fast falling on her beauty. We saw her gaze around upon the desolate splendor of her saloon, and then clasp her hands in the wild agony of despair. When we returned her husband lay helpless on a couch, and she sat weeping beside him.

"Once more we paused. A carriage stood before a palace. It was rich with burnished gold, and the armorial bearings of a duke were visible in the moon-beams. We waited for its owner to alight, but he did not move, and he gave no orders. Soon the servants came crowding out; sorrowfully they lifted him in their arms, and I saw that some of the jewels were torn from his mantle, and his plumed cap was crushed and soiled, as if by the pressure of many footsteps. They bore him into the palace, and I wondered if his duchess wept like the beautiful wife of the citizen.

"As I looked on all this, my tutor told me it was the work of the red wine, which leaps gaily up, and laughs over its victims in demon merriment. I shuddered, father, and resolved never again to taste it, lest I, too, should fall. But your word is law to me. Shall I drain the cup?"

"No, my son, touch it not. It is poison, as thy tutor told thee. It fires the brain, weakens the intellect, destroys the soul. Put it away from thee, and so thou shalt grow up wise and good, a blessing to thyself and to thy country."

He glanced around the circle. Surprise and admiration were on every face, and, moved by the same impulse, all arose, while one of their number spoke.

"Thou hast done nobly, boy," he said, "and thy rebuke shall not be soon forgotten. We have congratulated thy father upon the acquisition of honors, which may pass with the passing season. We now congratulate him upon that best of all possessions, a son worthy of France and of himself."

The haughty courtiers bowed a glowing assent, and each clasped the hand of the boy. But the father took him to his heart, and even now, among the treasured relics of the family, is numbered that silver cup.

A farmer in this county, says a North Carolina paper, has a mule so awfully contrary that he can do nothing with it. Put him in harness, and it is hard to say which way he will travel. Put a saddle on him, and he appears to doze; but try to mount him, and he will all of a sudden begin to kick every way—straight out, straddlebug, with all four legs at once. As to eating, he will eat any thing, from his feed-trough up to a wooden saddle. The owner took a notion to have him shod; but he kicked out the blacksmith shop and returned home. The owner tried to kill him some time since, so he tied his ears with a trace-chain and rode him for six consecutive days and nights as hard as he could under whip and spur. The fact is, he nearly killed himself in the effort, and had to be carried up-stairs to bed, and his firm belief was that the mule would die that night; but, to his astonishment, the next morning he found that the mule had kicked to death a Chester hog weighing three hundred pounds, bit a piece out of his horse's shoulder, ate up a saddle, blanket and bridle, tore down the fence, and was splurging about, more devilish than ever, to find something else meaner to do.

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

Friday Morning, - - - May 1, 1874.

THE President's message vetoing the inflation bill was taken up in the United States Senate on Tuesday last, but the Senate refused to pass the bill over the executive veto.

THE New York *Times* and Republican newspapers generally now admit that Brooks was legally elected Governor of Arkansas, in the fall of 1872, and that Baxter was illegally counted into office. If that is so then Horace Greeley was cheated out of the vote of that State. Both Brooks and Baxter are Republicans, but Brooks led the Liberal and Democratic State ticket and supported Greeley, while Baxter was the Grant candidate. There seems to be neither shore nor bottom to the sea of corruption which has been sweeping over certain southern States ever since reconstruction began.

AN act was passed on the 14th inst., and has since been approved by the Governor, requiring applicants for warrants to survey vacant lands, to file a description with affidavit of a disinterested witness, specifying that it is not improved in whole or in part, unless abandoned. Every applicant for a warrant, after filing his application and depositing his money, must give at least thirdays notice of the same with a full description in one or more newspapers published in the county where the land is located, before a warrant can be issued. If any caveat is entered, such a warrant will not be issued until directed by the board of property.

HON. J. E. ALLEN, a radical member of the present Legislature from Dauphin county, made the statement in the House, one day last week, that if he would vote for a certain bill then under consideration, which was entitled a bill in reference to the limitation of actions in the courts, he would be paid *five hundred dollars* in the shape of stock. Mr. Webb, another radical member from Bradford county, declared that Allen's statement of attempted bribery ought to defeat the bill, and yet, after all this was openly alleged by Allen and Webb, the bill, which was an admitted fraud, was passed. Here was a plain case against a positive provision of the new constitution, and yet no man in the House, Republican or Democrat, seemed to think Mr. Allen's charge worthy of notice. We were perfectly surprised that Sam Josephs, who is admitted to be a *pure* and *virtuous* legislator, did not rise in his seat and demand an investigation into the charge made by Mr. Allen. But Josephs made no sign, nor did any other member of that body feel disposed to take any notice of it. This little incident shows the kind of men in the House who are legislating for the State.

ON yesterday week, the Democratic members of the State Senate again refused to vote on Governor Hartranft's nominations for additional Law and President Judges in the districts provided for in the judiciary apportionment bill, and of course all the nominations, not having received a two-thirds vote, were defeated, as they had been on the week previous. The Governor immediately sent a message to the Senate in which he *renominated* the same gentlemen. The Democratic Senators will not repudiate their *first* and *second* vote on these nominations when they come up for action the *third* time. The Democracy of the State demand, and they have a political as well as a constitutional *right* to demand, the passage of a fair and an honest legislative apportionment bill. It is simply an outrage that a radical majority in the Legislature should claim "right divine of kings" to do as they please, without any regard whatever for the rights of the minority. The question between the passage of an infamous apportionment bill by an unscrupulous radical majority and the confirmation by the aid of Democratic votes in the Senate, in order to gratify Hartranft and his friends in his judicial appointments will be found to be a double-edged sword which will cut both ways.—We say that in the matter of the legislative apportionment bill let justice be done to the Democratic party "though the heavens should fall."

MR. WAINWRIGHT, who is a Republican member of the Legislature from Allegheny county, and who is also Chairman of the Committee on Vice and Immorality, reported a bill from his committee last Friday to *repeal* the local option law of March 27th, 1872. The same gentleman, some days previous, had reported from the same committee a bill construing the local option law to mean that brewers and distillers are entitled to a license from the courts to sell malt, brewed, vinous and spiritous liquors. This bill was considered and discussed at length in the House on Wednesday of last week, and passed first reading by a vote of 55 yeas to 37 nays. Mr. Henry, the member from this county, voted with the majority and *against* local option, and was therefore consistent with his previous legislative record. What will eventually be the fate of *this* bill we do not even conjecture. It seems to us to be very unwise and inexpedient legislation. In reference to Mr. Wainwright's *second* report we have only to say, that if a majority of the members of the present Legislature are *honestly* in favor of the local option law, they ought to have the nerve and courage to say so by their votes; but if, on the other hand, it ought to be repealed, they should wipe it out of the statute book without fear or favor. This is not the time for "trimmers" in our Legislature. The people are sick and disgusted with the continual agitation of this question at Harrisburg. Therefore let it be settled in one or the other shape before the present immortal Legislature adjourns

Judge Junkin on Local Option.

Hon. B. F. Junkin, of Bloomfield, Perry county, is the Republican President Judge of the Juniata, Perry and Cumberland district. He held court in Carlisle last week. A number of ladies of that ancient and historical place, commanded by a strong-minded sister by the name of Hillman, believing or supposing that they had a right to believe, that Judge Junkin had not enforced the local option law in Cumberland county, one of the counties in which the people endorsed it, marched into the court house when court was in session and through the aforesaid Mrs. Hillman read an address to Judge Junkin on the subject to which we have referred. The judge received Mrs. Hillman, and the ladies with her, in the most courteous manner, and to their memorial made the following reply, which we think will prove interesting to all who read it:

LADIES: We have anticipated your coming, and yet we do not conceal our surprise. It is probable that since the organization of courts of justice, the like has not occurred. There must be some cause inducing you to leave your domestic cares, and present yourself in the character of petitioners; and being here, it will not be our fault if you go away empty handed. You will now hear what you have not hitherto had the means of knowing.

Your petition implies much more than your innocent hearts have dreamed or intended; it means one or two things, if not both, viz—either that this court has failed in its duty in the past, or intends to do so in the future. We are satisfied that you have arrived at this conclusion honestly in the usual womanly way. Some one told you, and your hearts have gone out in a good cause, and your zeal has made your present action a duty.

Has any of you ever taken the pains to examine the records of this court to see how many men and women have been punished within the last one hundred and fifty days for selling liquor without license? For your information the clerk will read the record. Clerk read record as follows:

It shows that twenty persons have been convicted and sentenced, all for the first offense, and the fines exceed $900, and with costs quite $1,000—in all $2,000.

You thus perceive that the fines and costs inflicted within six months exceed $2,000.—The number convicted is twenty and the number acquitted one only. Now, ladies, what think you of this? Does it occur to you that the court has been idle or indifferent? Had you heard of this before? You will remember that these are unimpeachable records. They impart absolute verity.—They will remain and speak long after all now present are dust. Have you heard any person speak of this evidence; or have your advisors been so unjust as to conceal all this? If they have failed to inform you of these facts they have borne false witness against us—for concealment of truth is the equivalent of falsehood. You will be just—let others do as they will. You are far too pure in heart to intentionally wrong, by word or deed, a tribunal which its own self respect compels to silence, and which is not expected to enter the field in self defence; and we recognize our obligation to you for the opportunity and occasion your presence gives for pointing to the records of the court as its shield against assault. The duties of the court are often delicate and intricate to weigh out the precise measure of punishment.

The local option principle is, as you are aware, an experiment, and its abrupt enforcement is attended with great difficulties. You will remember that it cut up large interests by the roots, and from this has sprung bitter and determined opposition, such as never before has manifested itself against any law of this commonwealth, and there is no question but it encounters the hostility of a majority of the voters of the state. But you answer the law is strong. Yes, when public sentiment backs it up—then it has great majesty. You will remember that it has no armed forces at its command ordinarily—it executes its purpose in silence—depending on its own inherent justice for respect. You will readily see some of the difficulties in the way of the perfect enforcement of this particular law.

We say to you, that there have been as many punished for violating this law in Cumberland as in any other county of equal population in the Commonwealth. In Juniata county there have been four—in Perry not one.

But you have been told, and this you cannot deny, that the sentences have been light, the court too lenient. The punishment for the first is a fine from $50 to $200, for second and subsequent offense a fine of not less than $100, and in the discretion of the court imprisonment not exceeding ninety days.

Now, there have been no convictions save for the first offense, so that imprisonment could not hitherto be added to the fine. You understand the legislature fixes the punishment, not the court—no discretion between the minimum and maximum is left to the discretion of the court.

Your ready intelligence will teach you that this discretion is lodged with the court for wise purposes—it could not safely be lodged in a town meeting. You know that the winds must be tempered to the shorn lamb, and it marks the progress of the Great Master's cause, that with the advance of His Kingdom the prison doors are opened, cruel and degrading punishments are abolished, and the criminal law administered in a spirit of reform, not of revenge.

Allow me to remind you of the punishments inflicted in England within two centuries last past. Then had a poor, starving beggar stolen but one of your jewels now flashing before me, even though expended for bread—nay but a feather from your hat—death would have been his portion, and thousands died upon the scaffold for no greater crime than that.

Many a fair girl's face, as soft and bright, with eyes as mild and loving as any now before me, for stealing but an article of personal adornment, a ring, or a precious stone, has blackened in the sunlight, and her supple form stiffened in the winds. Were such cruel punishment inflicted in our days we would hear an earnest protest from your warm hearts, but no such spectacle will ever cross your vision, thanks to that feature of human nature which even the trail of the serpent could not obliterate. In passing sentence it is wise to consider all the circumstances, and there cannot justly be an inflexible measure of punishment.

TREADING ON A SNAKE'S TAIL.—The latest snake story comes from Connecticut. Some workmen building a mill among the rocks on Westfield river killed a rattlesnake, and after severing the head from the trunk and cutting the rattles off the tail for a keepsake, kicked the head away into the sand and threw the trunk into the sun. A booted boy came along and could not resist the temptation to worry the dead snake. He trod on its tail, and the headless trunk of the reptile turned and struck the boot as if to bite. The frightened youth soon had an audience around him, and the experiment of treading on the snake's tail was repeatedly tried, with the same result. But another startling thing was observed. As often as the carcass coiled and struck the offending boot, so often and at the selfsame instant the grim head, lying dissevered in the dust, opened its jaws, the deadly fangs protruding, and closed them with a snap. There was no scientist to see, but these simple mill builders want to know the philosophy of this sort of post-mortem snake life. The experiment may be tried until the snakes run out.

PARSON'S PURGATIVE PILLS, which are now being extensively sold in this State, are purely vegetable, and are mild and gentle in their operation. One is a dose. Good qualities, certainly.

Hon. Heister Clymer's Speech.

This gentleman, who now represents the steadifast old Democratic county of Berks in Congress, delivered a speech in that body a short time ago, in reply to an attack made by Hon. William D. Kelley, of Philadelphia, who had arraigned the administration of James Buchanan for all manner of profligacy and corruption. Mr. Clymer is an able man, understands thoroughly the present political situation, and is always ready to give good and substantial reasons for the faith that is in him. The following extracts from his sharp and incisive speech in reply to Judge Kelley's flat, stale and unprofitable charge, the ring of the true Democratic metal in them and will command the approval of the Democracy every where throughout the country:

He (Mr. Clymer) declared that during those four years purity in private life and integrity in public life were the rule and not the exception. Elections were free, and uncontrolled by military authority, and freedom of speech and of the press were not abridged. The right of the people to security in their persons and effects was not prohibited. Innocent persons were not arrested and imprisoned by the tinkling of a bell, and innocent women were not hanged. Then, ther was neithere unbridled taking of gifts nor wholesale appointing of relatives to office; no Black Fridays to be inquired into; no corners in gold or stocks to be accounted for; and no Leet & Stocking frauds and contracts to be investigated. Then, the Presidental or other salaries were not increased, nor was the Treasury depleted by the use of contingent funds for the ease, luxury and splendor of high officials. Ships of war were not used as pleasure boats, nor were the soldiers of the Republic employed as menials in the streets and houses of the capital. During those four years no Vice President of the United States was in complication with infamous practices; no man questioned the integrity of Congress, nor was Congress compelled to purge itself of those who had steeped themselves in infamy by their connection with fraudulent schemes such as were exposed by the Credit Mobilier investigation of last session. In those days sovereign States were not reduced to a condition of vassalage. The dregs of Northern vagabondism were not forced into the highest executive and legislative positions by fraud and violence, and kept there by the decrees of a corrupt Judiciary sustained by Federal bayonets. Then, from under the very shadow of the Capital came no despairing cry from the people to be relieved of and protected from the burdens and exactions of task-masters, set over them by the Federal authority, whom they accused of malfeasance and corruption, by which their property was being confiscated, their means exhausted, and their prosperity destroyed.

In that season of profligacy, as it was stigmatized by Mr. Kelley, the body politic was not diseased to its core, so that it might be touched nowhere without vile corruption and festering rottenness oozing forth. In those days, spies and informers and moiety grabbers were not hired and sent forth to prey upon merchants, citizens, and corporations, so that favorities might fatten on dues belonging to the Federal Treasury. Then defaulters were not screened in their peculations, or pardoned if by accident they were convicted, and their bondsmen left unmolested by reason of their social and personal relations with those in authority. Then no wild railroad schemes were fostered by the Government, by which layman and priest, widow and orphan, were plundered and ruined, by which tens of millions of acres of the public domain were given away without consideration, for the enrichment of "inside rings," of gamblers and speculators, and shame and dishonor brought upon the national name and credit. Then, manufactures, trade, commerce and business generally, were not stricken as by the hand of paralysis, starving men and women did not march through the streets of cities crying for work or bread, and receiving neither.—Then, honest industry received its just reward, and bloated fortunes coined out of the necessities of the people were unknown. In that day there were no priviledged classes of bankers and bondholders with coffers filled with immunities granted at the expense of the people. Then, there was Republican simplicity in official life and manners, and there was no aping of regal magnificence in establishment, intercourse, or equipage. These were some of the things which did not exist during the administration of James Buchanan, that season of profligacy referred to by his colleague (Mr. Kelley); but if they had occurred in this season of profligacy—a season of 14 years not difficult to determine the responsibility of all these high crimes and misdemeanors, of all these sins of omission and commission, of all these invasions of the rights and liberties of the people, and of these violations of the Constitution and the laws. He arraigned the party to which his colleague belonged before the bar of the American people.

He (Mr. Clymer) had not lost faith in the people. By sad and bitter experience they had been taught the delusion and folly of abandoning the virtues, the principles, the constitutional practices and teachings of those who founded the Government. Everywhere the people were marshaling their forces and the late results of their detached conflicts indicated unerringly how well they understood its momentous issues. When the general and final judgment was rendered the people would surely end this season of profligacy, and compel rulers and representatives to return to and practice those virtues and principles which abounded when the nation was born, which sustained the nation in its strengthening manhood, and, by the abandonment of which, suffering and distress, disgrace and shame, had been fastened upon the American people.

INTERESTING TO INVALID LADIES.

HARLEMVILLE, Columbia Co., N. Y., July 9, 1873.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D.—*Dear Sir:* Your favor is just received. I intended to have written to you several weeks since concerning the improvement in my health, which is now very apparent. I have used one bottle of Favorite Prescription with the best results, although I will admit I was somewhat discouraged after its use (for a short time only). I took it under very disadvantageous circumstances—having the supervision of the house and during the season of "house cleaning" I was obliged, through the incompetency of help, to do more than I ought, and, of course, suffered dreadfully, lifted when I ought not to have raised my hand, and did all I could to bring "order out of chaos,"—but upon laying aside all cares and continuing the remedy I find after using less than one bottle to be so much benefited that I have discontinued the use, with no return of the symptoms of which I wrote you. I have suffered terribly and what added to my distress was the consciousness of not procuring relief from ordinary sources. At times it seemed about impossible to stand, so great was the distress. All of those severe neuralgic pains have disappeared; they were so bad at times I could hardly walk without some external pressure. They seem to have left me like magic, suddenly, and have had no return; all other symptoms have been removed. The severe weakness and faintness have disappeared, and I can go up stairs with comparative ease now. I would have informed you ere this of my improvement, for I appreciated it, but I was fearful it was only transient benefit I was receiving, but I think sufficient time has elapsed to consider the beneficial results permanent. Accept of my best wishes for your future success and your kindness in advising me.

Very truly, MRS. M. NETTIE SNYDER.

EVERY ONE KNOWS that a cold or cough ought not to be neglected. Our advice is to take care of it before it is too late, and use "Dr. Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial," which can be had of any druggist. Dr. Wishart's Worm Sugar Drops is the best remedy for worms ever discovered.

The March of the Radical Party Up to Its Political Grave.

Unfortunately, the defeat of Republicanism in Missouri was so general we have no remnant of an army left to rally around, no room to stand when applying our lever to uplift and overthrow a mass which we may call by hard names, but which, when last heard from, was accurately estimated at just 35,443 majority. And if we turn abroad, to see what Republicanism is doing in other States, if we seek to guide ourselves by the light of the free and triumphant course of our party, we do not see much to encourage us to get up and make a square fight. The last State heard from was Connecticut, and Connecticut has cut her long connection with the Republican party. We take it that the recent defeat there means not that she loves Democracy more, but that she loves Republicanism less; and the same causes which have led to an alternation of the old and reliable supporters there may very easily be assumed to influence all other States equally.

There is no use going over the unpleasant record of the States which have declared against the Republican party since Missouri last uttered her opinion. Wisconsin was almost as certain as Massachusetts, yet in Massachusetts there was a very ugly reduction in the vote which approved of Republicanism, and a corresponding reduction sent Wisconsin over to the enemy. Undiminished and unflinching Republicanism is not to be found only in the District of Columbia, where we could readily consent to see Democrats in the rack of investigation instead, and in the anarchies of the South, where one Republican State Government is barricaded in the State House and the other issues its edicts from the headquarters over Jones' store. As a companion to the lighter votes and the frequent defeats, we have a decided weakening of loyalty in the newspapers which erewhile found nothing in the Republican party that they could not honestly support. The wholesale defection of the Liberal Republican visionaries has been followed by a less sensation, but not less momentous defection, which is going on slowly but steadily. A paper like the Boston *Advertiser* cannot be read out of the Republican party, and yet it is hard to read it and rate its Republicanism much higher than that of the Chicago *Tribune*. There is an uneasy feeling that the New York *Times* is getting to be a little exacting, and *Harper's Weekly*, which has its whole existence bound up with an unswerving, unbroken devotion to the Republican party, tells unpleasant truths, and, attempting to look facts in the face, does not find the prospects at all agreeable. These circumstances would naturally render it rather difficulty for the Republican party to maintain an appearance of cheerful assurance. Individuals may pluck up courage and whistle with no audible quiver in their strains as they pass by graveyards, but a party can not march up to its political graveyard in the same manner.—The outlook is unpromising, and there is no use in deceiving ourselves by saying soft things.—*St. Louis Globe.*

THE accounts which reach us from the lowlands bordering on the Mississippi and its tributaries, says Saturday's N. Y. *Sun*, indicate that unless speedy action is taken to relieve the necessities of the unfortunate people who have suffered by the floods, there may be numerous deaths from actual starvation. A writer in the Memphis *Appeal*, just returned from a trip between Vicksburg and Memphis, says that during a residence of forty years in that region he never before witnessed such a scene of devastation, and the water was still rising. In many places the river presented no visible shore; there was one grand sea extending as far as the eye could reach. At other points the levees were broken in many places, and the water was pouring through the crevasses in turbulent torrents. Immense tracts of fertile lands have been submerged and ruined for present use, and the inhabitants, both white and black, are suffering for clothing and food. Thousands of freedmen who flocked into the bottom last season from the older States are left in absolute destitution, without money and without prospect of employment, and are now vainly endeavoring to get back to their former homes. Cattle and hogs, horses and mules, even barnyard fowls, have died from starvation, and a great district which has supplied a large trade to Memphis and St. Louis has become completely impoverished. Further South the ruin is still more overwhelming. In Louisiana especially, where under the misrule of the spurious Government imposed upon the State by Federal bayonets trade had been nearly destroyed and the people plundered beyond endurance by oppressive taxation, the ravages of the floods have been most disastrous. All along the river the local merchants have been compelled to close their stores; they can no longer give credit, and there is absolutely starvation staring thousands of helpless men, women, and children in the face.

A REPUBLIC THREATENED.—The smallest and oldest State in Europe is San Marino, a republic in N. E. Italy. Its area is twenty-four square miles, but little more than double that of the District of Columbia. Its population is about ten thousand. It was settled in 469 by Marinus, a Dalmatjan hermit, who established a community whose independence has remained undisturbed through all subsequent changes in Europe. It is surrounded by former provinces of the Pope, and its insignificance has hitherto shielded it from aggressions. Popes and dukes, French viceroys and Austrian marshals have alike respected its integrity.

This little republic has lately got into trouble. For half a century it has been accustomed to grant temporary asylum to Italian political refugees, speeding the parting guest, however, with as much promptitude as was polite, lest the pursuers should come down upon them and violate the soil of the republic. Recently there came to San Marino thirty-four Italian malefactors, whom that republic, confounding, perhaps, with political offenders, indiscriminately sheltered. The Italian government called upon the republic to expel the criminals by force, which it declined to do. And here the matter rests, except that the Italians have given to San Marino the option to expel them or to be invaded. It is to be hoped that Victor Emanuel will not snuff out this little republican rushlight, which has been permitted so long even by the most intolerant despots to shed a flickering ray of free government upon the surrounding darkness of Europe.

IN the proceedings of the Venango county medical society will be found a brief reference to a singular case of *lusus naturæ*, reported from Mercer county, this state.—The patient is a little girl of nine years, who is not only unable to raise her eye-lids by the usual means, but seems to be totally blind when the lids are artificially raised with the hand. There appears to be some defect of the organs of vision, so that her eyes are no more assistance to her with her eye-lids open than closed. But singular as it may seem, she has the power of vision in some degree and has it more perfectly when her eyes are closed, or even bandaged. At such times she can see—or by some sense akin to seeing—can distinguish objects at a distance, distinguish colors without touching objects referred to, etc. It is some kind of a second sight or spiritual vision that has mysteriously supplemented her natural infirmity.

Summer Travel.

Pleasure travel, which has become so common with all classes of Americans during the summer months, is anticipated by many as the most enjoyable event of the entire year. It carries them to new scenes, familiarizes them with strange people, breaks the monotony of their lives, relieves them for a time from mental and bodily strain, and reinvigorates them for life's cares and duties. It, therefore, becomes a momentous question how this recreation, often limited by considerations of economy both of time and means, can most profitably and pleasantly be enjoyed. Many of our transportation lines have arranged routes and rates to meet the requirements of the people, and from season to season these facilities are improved and extended. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has gained a high reputation for the facilities it annually presents this class of travelers, and the popularity its lines enjoy is well merited. They extend into the most interesting portions of the Middle States, and excursionists can be carried over them for long distances at low rates, without annoying changes or transfers. Its roadway and rolling stock are probably the most perfect in America, and its management is complete, careful, and courteous. As a consequence the comfort of travelers is assured and their safety guaranteed. Every reader of current news is aware of the fact that a "terrible accident" is rarely chronicled on any portion of this great railroad system.

So far as scenery goes, no lines of railroad on the continent can surpass those running through Pennsylvania. Magnificent agricultural panoramas, beautiful river views, splendid mountain pictures, picturesque hills and valleys, lovely villages, and flourishing towns and cities are seen in quick succession. A ride of twelve hours between Philadelphia and Pittsburg shows more interesting variety than can be seen in the same time and distance anywhere else in the United States, and from this main channel a score of branches run, leading to localities and resorts of unsurpassed attractiveness and world-wide popularity.

The State of Pennsylvania is in itself an interesting study. Its bosom holds all the authracite and much of the bituminous coal found on the continent. Its hidden fountains produce the larger portion of the oil now so essential to the comfort and industry of the world. Many of its hills are depositories of iron and other ores, which are utilized in immense manufactories seen in every valley. Its forests supply the principal part of the lumber used in the great cities of the Atlantic seaboard. Its soil varies from the richest to the poorest. Its territory is washed by the tides of the Atlantic and the waters of Lake Erie, and is drained into the Gulf of Mexico by rivers navigable more than two thousand miles. Its boundaries completely separate New England and New York from the Mississippi valley; and its entire area is dotted by scenes of more than ordinary historical interest. All these combinations add to the charm and interest of travel, and every American can find something in it instructive and gratifying.

The accommodations provided for summer tourists on the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad are unsurpassed. Good hotels in all the towns reached by it are the rule, not the exception, and many of them are elegant in all their appointments. It would be difficult to select any highway of travel anywhere that can compare, in the essentials of comfort, safety, expedition, and interest, with the magnificent system of railroads managed by this company.

WHEAT GROWING IN NEBRASKA.—This State is now attracting considerable attention as one of the best fields for settlement in the Union. Its climate and soil it meets the conditions required for the successful cultivation of all the productions of the temperate zone, and also some of the sub-tropical.

It is not often that corn and wheat thrive equally well in any country; but as it is in Nebraska, corn is the first staple crop, of course; but so soon as the farmer is well settled upon the land, he puts in wheat.—The wheat of Nebraska is in good favor; and in the St. Louis and Chicago markets its price averaged several cents per bushel more than the wheat of the neighboring States can command. In bread making qualities the wheat of Nebraska only ranks second to that of California, with which it does not come into competition.

The agricultural triumphs which have been achieved in Nebraska are the work of little more than ten years, and, as the country is settled, and the position of the farmer becomes easier, wheat ranks higher among the crops of the country. In 1860, when the population was 28,000, the wheat crop amounted to 147,867 bushels, or about 5¼ bushels per head; and, in 1870, when the population was 122,000, the wheat crop was 2,125,086 bushels, or a little under 17½ bushels per head.

The population of 1873 can only be estimated, and therefore it is best not given; but the wheat crop of that year, (which was an unfavorable agricultural year,) amounted to 3,000,000 bushels. The record is therefore still one of advancement for the young State; and it is to be remembered that stock raising, fruit culture, corn growing, and all other agricultural work advances equally with wheat raising. Nebraska is therefore a promising State for the settler; and the more especially since it has good markets both east and west and south.

A FEARFUL DEATH.—*From the Altar to the Tomb.*—A singular and melancholy accident, terminating fatally, occurred at the village of East Meadows, Long Island, Wednesday night. A young lady of the village, named Belle Palmer, had been that day married to a Mr. Wheeler, and the newly-married pair and their friends were making merry at the house of the bride's parents. At about 11:30 P. M., the young couple left the house, and Mrs. Wheeler stepped into a carriage which was in waiting to receive them. She took the reins in her hands in order to hold the horse until her husband joined her. At this moment some person belonging to the household discharged a musket as a salute to the bridal party, when the horse, a very mettlesome animal, broke from his fastening and dashed down the road at a furious gallop.

In attempting to turn an abrupt curve the carriage was upset, and Mrs. Wheeler was thrown violently. She had become inextricably entangled in the reins, and was dragged over the rough surface of the road at a fearful rate. The animal subsequently fell into a ditch at the roadside, dragging the unfortunate lady with him. By this time the husband, parents and friends came up with lanterns, and discovered the remains of Mrs. Wheeler partly immersed in the water of the ditch, the horse still kicking and struggling to escape. The head of the lady was almost torn from her body, every limb was broken in a number of places, and the whole body was bruised and lacerated in a shocking manner. The remains were removed by the friends, accompanied to the scene of the marriage festivities by the bereaved husband and sorrowing parents of the deceased. Both the fore legs of the horse were broken, and it became necessary to kill him in order to terminate his sufferings.

—It is said that the fumes of sugar snuffed up the nose will cure ordinary cases of neuralgia. Put a small quantity of sugar on a hot shovel and try it as directed.

News and Political Items.

—William Brunt and his two sons aged 12 and 9 years respectively, were drowned near Halifax, N. S., on Saturday.

—A colored woman named Rigby, of Long Narrows, Juniata county, fell in a fire, while in a fit, the other day, and was burned to death.

—When a colored boy shoots his father in Georgia, as was the case near Marietta a few days ago, the local paper calls it "disfranchisement."

—Louisville, Ga., a few days ago enjoyed the sensation of a three-inch snowfall, with thunder and lightning, while the sun was shining brightly.

—George Murkland, a printer, committed suicide in Boston on Thursday night by taking laudanum. His wife recently drowned herself in a well.

—Gen. Richard Coulter, of Westmoreland county, well known as "Fighting Dick," is among those mentioned as the Democratic candidate for Lieutenant Governor.

—The sailors of the rescued ship Amerique claim $500,000 compensation, which is half the value of the ship and cargo. The case will be tried in the British admiralty courts.

—Two girls are confined in the Sunbury jail to appear as witnesses against their father, who will be tried at the August term of court for shooting John Keating, in Coal township.

—A Pittsburg young boy thrust his hand into a lion's cage at Robinson's show.—When the lion got done munching it, the little boy was taken to a doctor, who cut the remnants off.

—Jesse Pomeroy, the supposed murderer of the boy Horace H. Muller, at Dorchester, Mass., was arraigned in the Highlands municipal court on Saturday, and was fully committed without bail.

—A lady student of the Millersville normal school attempted to commit suicide last week, by cutting her throat with a penknife, and afterward running a pair of scissors into the wound. She was homesick.

—A lady in Dover, New Hampshire, fell down on the sidewalk recently, and in doing so broke the steel in her corset. The sharp end of one piece was driven into her body inflicting a dangerous wound, from which it is feared she may not recover.

—In the Chicago Criminal Court, on Monday morning, Judge Gary sentenced Dr. Paul Schoeppe, convicted of forgery, to three years in the penitentiary. His counsel declare their intention of taking the case to the Supreme Court on writ of error.

—The death of the distinguished Methodist clergyman, Rev. Henry Slicer, D. D., at his residence in Baltimore, on Friday last, will be learned with wide spread regret by his hosts of friends in this State. He was in his seventy-fourth year. His death was as peaceful as his life.

—"A man in Wisconsin found recently 'that the flames of burning kerosene can be extinguished by throwing on flour.'" Hired female help who are undecided on the cremation question when they kindle fires will in future take the kerosene can in one hand and the flour barrel in the other.

—The Democratic majority in Connecticut over all for Governor is 1,809. Governor Ingersoll's plurality over Harrison 6,904, and his majority over Harrison and Smith 2,034. The increase in the Democratic vote this year is 1,496; in the Republican vote 516, and in the Temperance vote 2419.

—A Mrs. Alling, of Saukville, has in her possession old Continental scrip having a face value of $224. It was paid to her grandfather for cattle delivered to General Washington's army at White Plains. She is also the possessor of a pair of snuffers used by Washington at his headquarters there.

—Of the one hundred and sixteen Western papers that have reached the office of the Chicago Tribune since the President vetoed the inflation bill, sixty-one sustain the veto, forty-two condemn it and thirteen express no opinion, and yet we have been told the West is solid for more rag currency.

—Miss Lear, the young lady student at Millersville normal school, whose attempt to commit suicide we published on Saturday morning, says the Lancaster *Morning Review*, died a short time after our paper was printed. Her death did not result from the trifling wound she had inflicted, but from inflamation of the bowels.

—A Keokuk paper tells a story of how a clergyman at Keokuk married two young people in Bonaparte on last Thursday by telegraph. The parties assembled in the telegraph offices, the questions and responses, service and benediction were ticked rapidly off, and the happy pair left the office, one flesh, welded by lightning.

—An old man named Lyton White, sixty-two years of age, has been arrested in Cleveland for enticing little children into his candy and trinket shop, near a public school, and instructing them in every vulgarity of speech and practice. He was sentenced, to one year in the work-house and fined three hundred dollars and costs. His victims, he said, he counted by scores.

—A young married woman named Reinhart, residing at Shamrock Station on the East Pennsylvania Railroad, committed suicide on Wednesday morning by hanging herself from a rafter in the garret of her house. For several days she had been suffering from an attack of melancholy, induced by intense religious feeling. She leaves a husband and two little children.

—The Hartford Courant says: "The same feeling of dissatisfaction which has lost the Republican party the states of New Hampshire and Connecticut is seen in the town elections in New York state, where the Democrats have gained 173 towns over the elections of last year, and 387 over those of 1872. The voice of warning is becoming so emphatic that it cannot be ignored or misinterpreted."

—Every State should have one. But it happens to be a town in Kentucky that at this writing claims to be honored by the citizenship of a lady who makes it her boast that she has had but one new bonnet in forty years, has made but two calls on neighbors in eighteen years, and has taken but one meal away from home in all that time; and yet she has health, wealth and no physical disability of any sort.

—There is a woman living in Pencader Hundred, New Castle county, says the Wilmington (Del.) *Gazette*, "who has been married twenty-four years, and who last week gave birth to her twenty-third child, which makes her record one child per year since her marriage. This woman would certainly take the premium at any county fair in the land. We could not ascertain whether or not all her children are living."

—Out of revenge for the conduct of Democrats refusing to confirm certain appointments of Governor Hartranft, the Republicans intend to fix up an apportionment bill which will leave very few Democrats in the House and Senate. The spirit of fair play, which is inherent in the American mind, has been manifested in a remarkable manner occasionally at the polls, and it is possible these gentlemen may overreach themselves in this matter.

—John Davis, residing near Otisco, Clark county, Indiana, on the line of the O. & M. Railroad, was found by his two daughters, who were returning home from church last Friday night, in a horrible condition. Both legs and hands were cut off, and part of his head gone, which could not be found. The heart was torn into fritters and scattered along the track some distance. The jury returned a verdict of death by being run over by a train, the deceased being intoxicated.

—For mere butchery perhaps the West can bear away the palm; but in arson murder the East excels. Among the latest achievements in this line are the deep child-murder by a child, in Boston, the killing of two sons by the father, Connecticut, he having previously taken out insurance policies on their lives.

—Prompt relief is to be furnished the sufferers by the flood in Louisiana. Although Congress has passed a bill for relief, it has been found that no supplies can be had from the various military of War, after a private conference with the President, directed the Commissary of Subsistence to purchase 500,000 rations of meat, flour, beans and rice, and to put the law into effect, he asks an appropriation of $90,000. The estimate is based on the issue of 20,000 rations for twenty days.

—In Clarion county the other day a young man named Thomas Belfry undertook to elope with a daughter of Jesse Keesy. The girl was only sixteen years of age and the father overtook the loving pair and induced his daughter to return home with him. Belfry pursued and beat the parent of his inamorata with a piece of board until he rendered him insensible. Fearing he had committed murder he escaped, the daughter weeping over her father as she fled. He has since been arrested and confined in the county jail to await trial.

—Frank Powell, county treasurer of Mercer county, and Hugh A. Gamble, clerk to the commissioners of the same county, had a narrow escaped death very narrowly during the war. Powell was saved by a bible which he carried in his pocket and Gamble by a photograph. In each case a minnie bullet went through the articles. Gamble had three ribs broken by the force of the ball. The rollicking soldier of the same town had his canteen of whiskey struck by a ball, but that saved his life. The thoughtless fellow seemed to be chiefly concerned about the loss of the whiskey when he found what had happened.

—On Monday evening last, the house of John Reddinger, of Ringgold township, Jefferson county, was burned, and one of his children, a little boy, perished in the flames. Mr. Reddinger and his wife went to see a sick neighbor during the evening, leaving four children at home, who in their absence went to bed, leaving a burning candle on the bureau, which by some means set fire to it and the surrounding furniture, the children being waked up by a stifling smoke in the room. Three of the children escaped, but one was burned to death. Its body being taken from the ruins was blackened and disfigured mass, almost consumed.

WITHOUT doubt hundreds of persons who will read this item are suffering from Kidney Disease in some form, which might be cured with a bottle of Dr. *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment*, used internally. Why not try it?

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

Manhood: How Lost, How Restored

Just published, a new edition of Dr. CULVERWELL'S Celebrated Essay on the Radical and Permanent cure (without medicine) of SPERMATORRHŒA or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Emissions, Impotency, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, Consumption, Epilepsy and Fits, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, Consumption, Epilepsy and Fits, Nervousness, Indigestion, Impurity of the Blood, Diseases of the Skin, Habitual Constipation, Dyspepsia, and Diseases of the Digestive Organs, Local Weakness, Impaired Nutrition, and Organic Debility; Nervous Irritability, Hysterics, Pains and Spasms, Sick Headache, Nervous Headache, Nervous Prostration, Dimness of Vision, Premature Decay, Nervousness, and Universal Lassitude of the Muscular System, Hypochondria, Sexual Debility, Sexual Excesses, Sexual Extravagance, Sexual Prostration, Sexual Weakness, Sexual Decay, Sexual Impotency, Sexual Barrenness, Sexual Incapacity, Sexual Impediments to Marriage, Sexual Disorders of all kinds, Sexual Diseases of all kinds, Sexual Affections of all kinds, Sexual Irregularities of all kinds, Sexual Infirmities of all kinds, Sexual Weaknesses of all kinds, Sexual Decays of all kinds, Sexual Debilities of all kinds, Sexual Prostrations of all kinds, Sexual Impotencies of all kinds, Sexual Barrennesses of all kinds, Sexual Incapacities of all kinds, Sexual Impediments to Marriage of all kinds

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.,

FRIDAY, - - - MAY 1, 1874.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There, and the Other Place.

—A new edition of "Beautiful Snow" has been in order.

—"Twilight Musings" has been received. Is deemed worthy on perusal, it will appear in our next.

—"Now is the winter of our discontent," to be made glorious summer about the 15th of August next.

—"Cæsar and Holder" seized and held his own to "B. E. R." a little too long this week. Hence it goes over until our next issue.

—Fifteen inches of snow and as cold as Greenland is the kind of weather just now that is calculated to amaze us—or rather did amaze us two weeks ago.

—We are emphatically opposed to cremation—that is to the burning of bodies after death.—We desire to earn our living and don't want to burn our dead.

—A woman, named Mrs. Garris, was drowned while attempting to cross the Conemaugh river, near Blairsville, in a skiff, on Saturday of last week.

—Sarah E. Hughes, an eight years old girl, living at Matilda Furnace, Huntingdon county, was burnt to death a few days ago. It is said her mother was absent.

—Mr. John McMahon, residing at Bloomfield, Blair county, recently presented her husband with a triplicate addition to the family circle—two girls and one boy.

—Mr. John C. Burk, of Washington township, will keep his elegant English blooded horse for service during the season, his resolution to the contrary notwithstanding.

—John M. Lowe was drowned in Trout run, Clearfield county, on Saturday morning last. He was a "floater" by occupation, aged, and the only son of a widowed mother.

—Jackson Duck, a raftsman, whose home is in Armstrong county, near the Camiria county line, had one of his legs fractured in several places a few days ago, while at work on a raft on the Jersey Shore, Pa.

—The dwelling house at Houtzdale, Clearfield county, occupied by a family named Ferguson, was destroyed by fire on Tuesday last, and it is reported that three children perished in the flames.

—William C. Swoope, brother of the late Col. Bucher Swoope, died in Alexandria, Huntingdon county, on Tuesday morning of last week. This is the third brother that has buried inside of nine months.

—Samuel S. and Sarah A. Turner, who were married several years ago, were again united together in marital bonds by Esq. Hall, of Johnstown, on Saturday last. Sure-enough-long lane that has no Turn—er.

—An attempt was made to set fire to the locomotive works, Johnstown, on Sunday night, but the night watchman fortunately discovered the flames in time to extinguish them before any damage was done. On Friday morning, Mr. John K. Shaffer, working in the mines of J. C. Stineman & Co., at South Fork, was severely injured in consequence of a portion of the coal which he was working falling upon him.

—An unknown tramp was struck by the Pacific Express east and instantly killed at Huntingdon, on Wednesday last.—He was walking on the track, that prolific source of fatal accidents, was what led to his terrible end.

—Mr. Albert C. McCance, of Chest township, killed a hawk plumb through the head at a distance of 180 yards, off hand, one day last week. The hawk measured 6 feet 8½ inches from tip to tip of wings. How is that for high?

—A wild-cat nineteen inches high and measuring forty-two inches from the tip of the nose to the end of its tail, was shot and killed by Joseph Brown, of Conemaugh borough, on Sunday last, on Laurel Hill, near Loretto.

—The comedy of a "Kiss in the Dark"—and we may say, two or three kisses in the dark—was played to a very small and of course select audience a few evenings ago. For further particulars consult our sheriff.

—Mr. Kintz, otherwise known as the D. S. of this county, thinks he would have been justified to make the same remark about the weather that was made in his hearing not many days ago. Charley has been there, and knows how it is himself.

—The Hungdon county court, April term—had seventeen indictments for assault; eight for fornication and bastardy; one for gambling; fifteen for unlawful liquor selling; one for perjury; two for libel; two for larceny; one for false pretension; one for forgery.

—"What wants a baby?" was the startling question of a Pittsburgh local item publisher a week or two ago. We know a few "barnacles" in this region who hanker after something of that kind, but we don't think they would like to take one in that way.

—The wife of a young man residing at Irishtown eloped Friday last, with an individual named Thomas Jennings. The betrayed husband ain't so anxious for the return of his former partner of his bosom as he is for the return of $500 that she took with her.

—A certain swine was hog enough to commit assault upon a woman named Sneath, in Conemaugh Valley, some time last December, for which he was indicted, and a Huntingdon county jury has just returned a verdict of guilty. A new trial has been moved for by the defendant.

—We recommend all our readers to call on Hunsicker & Brown, at Sixth and Wood streets, Philadelphia, or send to them for a suit of clothing being confident they will not be disappointed.—Their points are elegance, excellence, etc.

—Fred. Knepper, of Berlin, Somerset county, should have known better, suicide, swallowed an overdose of laudanum on Monday last, and in consequence left permanently from the medication and all other of life's cares and ills ever after.

—A German named Gray, a resident of Armstrong township, Indiana county, recently gave birth to a monstrosity, in the shape of a child with perfect eyes on the top of its head, mouth filled with teeth, and its fingers webbed together like the toes of a duck. It lived a few hours after being born.

—Two freight brakemen named Shatts and Clough are reported to have been severely injured on the railroad at Baily's station last Saturday last. The accident was caused by the third section of the Union Express, eastward bound, running into the rear of the second section.

—On Saturday last, a man named George Shaffer, employed as a flagman on the night express of the Railroad Company's yard, at Conemaugh, was instantly killed. His head was crushed into a jelly and was utterly unrecognizable. His brother was engineer on the same train. No one knows how the accident happened.

—A correspondent relates a sad *Story* regarding the condition of the streets and alleys of Conemaugh. He says as for sidewalks, "thoroughfares rival Bunyan's 'Valley of Despond,'" and further complains that several days past the editor of the *Freeman* has not given the Burgess of that borough a solitary puff. How's that? Monday last George McCune fell from the walk of the bridge at Blairsville, and was brought up in the river twenty feet. He floated down the stream a distance of a quarter of a mile before he was rescued. Although almost perished, he will be all right again soon.

—Those careful remedies were resorted to by the Independent Temperance and Reading Association of Chest township, as per report of our correspondent, G. F. L., which met on the 18th ult., at which new members were enrolled and steps taken to procure regalias and paraphernalia. This association was only recently organized, but is, we are pleased to learn, making rapid strides towards complete success under the judicious management of its President, Jno. P. McCance, Esq.

—Thomas M. Owens, of Jefferson county, recently buried five of his children within a period of two weeks. Scarlet fever.

—Rev. Thomas F. Fitzgerald, who was ordained priest Dec. 20, 1871, and was soon after appointed assistant pastor of St. John's congregation, Altoona, but was more recently in charge of the Catholic church at Dale City, Somerset county, died of consumption, at the house of his parents in Pittsburgh, on Tuesday morning of last week, in the 26th year of his age.

—Quite a number of clerical gentlemen were in attendance at the meetings of the Presbytery in this place, which closed its sessions on Wednesday evening. We did not have time to attend their deliberations and of course cannot give a report of the proceedings, but presume that a condensed statement of their doings will be furnished us for our next issue.

—Joe Gutwald, one of our most popular "knights of the cleaver," drove a fine steer and three head of beef cattle into town yesterday, which will in regular succession be served up to appease the ever craving appetites of this community. The steer weighs 1,525 pounds and the other three combined the beam at 3,325 pounds. The bovines were all purchased in Indiana county.

—Wm. Flattery, Esq., of Johnstown, whose object in obeying the lamented Greeley's advice about going west, albeit that advice was given to young men only, we hinted at somewhat vaguely last week, was married in Iowa City, Iowa, on the 23d ult., to Mrs. Mary Shoemaker, relict of Edward Shoemaker, dec'd, formerly of this place, and the newly wedded expect to reach their home in Johnstown to-day. The 'Squire is a very worthy man and has secured a most estimable wife, and we cannot therefore refrain from wishing them abundant blessings in their declining years.

—Two of the boys, Lutz and Hammers by name, who were recently confined in our county jail for depredations committed at Wilmore, have again got into trouble, this time for breaking into and demolishing furniture, books, etc., and committing a nameless outrage at the Welsh church, three miles south of this place, for which they have each been held in $400 bail for their appearance to answer at next court. They have confessed their misdoings and also that they had intended to break into and rob the Catholic church at Wilmore on the evening following their arrest.

—The concert given by the "Amateur Continental Choristers," at the Court House, on Saturday night last, was really a very enjoyable musical treat. The young ladies and gentlemen composing the troupe, and the leader thereof, Mr. John Howells, performed their several parts with much credit to themselves, while Mr. Geo. W. Jones acquitted himself with his usual grace and elegance at the melodeon. The solo of Miss Mary Davis, of the East Ward, and those of the two Misses Griffiths were especially deserving of commendation. A very respectable audience greeted them. The entertainment is to be repeated in the near future.

—To some of its readers last week's FREEMAN brought the announcement of a dastardly outrage which had been perpetrated upon a man named Wm. Walton, who while sitting in the alcove in front of the Merchants' Hotel, Johnstown, on Wednesday evening of last week, was struck on the forehead with a stone, which cracked his skull and inflicted a ghastly wound. Mr. W. had came from Harrisburg to Johnstown to seek employment in the Cambria Iron Works, and was to have gone to work on the following morning. It is thought that the outrage was perpetrated by one of the strikers, and the Company has offered $1,000 for his apprehension. Mr. Walton has almost fully recovered.

—John C. Dimond and James Moreland, of Munster township, will offer live stock, farming implements and house-hold furniture at public sale to-morrow (Saturday) afternoon. Henry and Mary D. Hughes will sell at the same time and in the same way, two pieces of real estate in the borough of Summitville, as well as a lot of household furniture; and, on Saturday of next week, Baltzer Helfrich, of Chest township, who is now disposing of his store goods at auction and who offers his valuable real estate at private sale, as will be seen by advertisement elsewhere, will dispose of a large lot of personal property at public outcery. Posters has been printed by us for all of the above sales.

—The several landlords in this place received each a notice a few days ago, couched in respectful language and purporting to emanate from a so-called "Ladies' Association," in which the landlords aforesaid were informed that they would ere long receive a visit from the prayerful sisters in behalf of temperance. These notices bore the name of one of the most estimable young ladies in our town as Secretary, but was none the less a fraud and a cheat for that matter. It was of course designed for a joke, but it was one of those jokes which reflect little credit on the perpetrators, and even yet those who engaged in this contemptible piece of business may have cause for laughing out of the other side of their mouths.

TWO OLD AND RESPECTED CITIZENS GONE.—On Sunday morning last, Edward Glass, Esq., died at his residence in this place, aged nearly 58 years. Mr. Glass had been in ill health for several years. At the time of his death he was one of the County Commissioners, to which office he was elected last October, having previously been chosen for the same position in 1850, and also in 1863. Mr. Glass was well known throughout the county and had a large circle of relatives. As a County Commissioner he always discharged his duties with a conscientious regard for the public interests.—His reputation was that of an honest man and a good citizen, and when that can truthfully be said of him, no higher honor can be paid to his memory. His remains were consigned to their last resting place on Tuesday morning last, after a solemn High Mass in the Catholic church and a very eloquent and appropriate funeral sermon delivered by Rev. R. C. Christy, pastor of said church, who was the early associate and devoted friend of the deceased. May he rest in peace.

On last Saturday, William Mills, aged 82 years, also departed this life. Mr. Mills was a native of Wales, and came to this place in 1801, when he was a mere boy, and as he often told us, there were only *two* house in what is now Ebensburg. One of these *log cabins* was occupied by Richard Lewis, afterwards a Justice of the Peace and Associate Judge. The other stood south of the hotel now kept by Mr. John Fitzharris. In that cabin David H. Roberts, a highly respectable citizen of our town, who died a few years ago, was born, if Mr. Mills' memory was correct. Mr. Mills was an honest, upright and pure man, and leaves behind him an unblemished reputation.

ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE.—*Shocking Suicide at Lilly's Station.*—A sad case of suicide occurred at Lilly's Station, this county, on last Sunday night, the unfortunate victim being Mr. Otto Helly, who had been a hotel keeper at that place for ten or twelve years. Mr. Helly had recently erected a new hotel building, which was not yet finished, but into which he intended soon to remove. We learn that about ten o'clock on the night indicated, he took a revolver which he had in the house, and proceeded up stairs, followed by his wife, and there made an attempt to shoot himself, but was prevented from doing so by his daughter, who knocked the pistol out of his hand. He and his wife then had a scuffle, after which she went down stairs to procure assistance, but before she could return another report of the revolver was heard, the ball this time entering his forehead, and producing a wound from which he lingered until about four or five o'clock on the following morning. Mr. Helly was well known in this place, and indeed throughout Cambria and adjoining counties. He was a German by birth, 2 years of age, was a man of fine address and personal appearance, and has left a wife and six children. We understand that of late he had been drinking to excess and that domestic difficulties embittered his existence, both of which causes no doubt prompted him to take his life into his own hands. An inquest was held by Coroner Harrold on Monday, and on the day following his remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery at Summitville.

A Letter from "Rob Roy," Dedicated to "MacShane."

SHIP ACAPULCO,
Kingston, Jamaica, April 17, 1874.

DEAR FREEMAN—It is a great sight to see the sea and be sea-sawed to death. Our ship should be called *Aca-puke-o*, as 250 out of 300 passengers were mocking the pea-fowl three hours after we left Sandy Hook. We left New York —the city of *policemen*—on the 11th (Saturday) at 2 p. m., and we have made 240 miles, or four degrees, every day, until to-day, directly south. Last night, however, we changed course to south-west, steering for Jamaica, having passed the east end of Cuba. We didn't see any belligerent war vessels, nor anything else except a few porpoises and about a dozen sailing vessels, which we sighted since we left *Nova Esperico*.

The ship on which we sail is 346 feet long, 40 feet wide and 30 feet deep—has 3,000 tonnage and 3,000 cargo; is worth $300,000 and has $200,000 worth of freight aboard; accommodates this trip 150 cabin and 130 steerage passengers, and consumes 500 tons of coal. Our grub is good. We *ate* thirteen times at once, as the Irishman said. My two little girls were sick for five days, but are well enough now. As for myself, I was too contrary to get sick; but, on the *contrary*, I do love the ocean. It looks like a basin about thirty miles in diameter, and, as Byron says, it is blue. That is the reason, I suppose, so many get the *blues* when riding over its white-capped billows.

Cuba, the land of "fuss and feathers," looms up beautifully and prominently above the horizon, while the other islands just rise enough above the surface to be distinctly seen in the distance.

The weather here is very hot and sultry.—Summer came on us in a hurry. On Saturday night snow and sleet fell and covered the deck. Wind cold and strong for two days, when it became warm from east, and then from south-east. Now it is as warm as *Gehenna* in cool weather. We have had rather a *rough* voyage so far, the winds being high. In fact, it is much easier to *raise the wind* here than in Cambria. We are now in the torrid zone. Yesterday I asked an Irish sailor if we were in the torrid zone yet, and his reply was, "Sure, an' it's not for me to know the names of the islands the world over." I knew of course where we were, as they cast the lead one so long as the stars shine, and merely asked the question for the fun of the thing. I asked a Dutch sailor if the light-house on Castle island was where "Our Fritz" imprisoned Napoleon, and his answer was, "Yaw, Ish tink she is." I said, "Is it on the Rhine?" and he replied, "Yaw!" I said, "They call it *William's Hole*, don't they?" and another "Yaw" was the answer.

There is a small island forty miles south of Hayti, called Nevassar, containing about 600 square miles, that produces "guano." An enterprising Yankee explored it a few years ago, and now he is making a fortune out of the ammonia treasures. We passed within a few miles of this island this morning, where the seabirds incubate their young is an open question down here, and should be discussed by the Washington Township Literary Society. Hence I propose the following: Do sea-birds drop their eggs in the water and are they hatched out by the heat?" Now pitch into this question.

Jamaica is now in sight, at 10:10 a. m. As it is 9,000 feet from the level of the sea to the top of the mountains, it will stand out prominently on the horizon all afternoon. We will reach Kingston at 8 p. m., but we cannot enter the harbor until morning, as pilots will not work after six o'clock.

As my present epistle must close before we enter Kingston, I must fill up with other matter and leave a description of that city for a future letter.

I forgot to say that nearly every kingdom, nation and race under the canopy of heaven are here represented, and the Southern Confederacy has its representatives. I learn that the captain on the Nevada ship, Pacific side, is a nephew of Jeff. Davis' wife. We have Irish, Dutch, Welsh, Spanish, French, Italian and Japanese on board—seven of the latter being on their return home from a three years' English-learning visit to New York—and yet so far from confusion or jargon being the rule, every one seems to understand every body else. We also have opera singers on board, which *operates* considerably on the auricular senses, and is as good for a fool as a physic. As for reading, we have bound volumes of all the pictorial and other magazines, the American Encyclopedia, girls' and boys' papers, the Scientific American, The Aldine, and indeed almost everything but daily and county papers and home news. We have even an aristocracy on board. I'll tell you who: A Boston lady and the wife of a Spanish doctor were very sociable the first day or two, and sang opera music together, but it kind of leaked out that the *wife* was only *quasi so*—in fact that she was a *concubine*, or what is more commonly known as a *nymph du pave*—which little episode caused a chilliness to spring up, even in this *tropical* climate.—"Can such things be and not o'ercome us, like a summer cloud, without our special wonder?"

Every thing has a soul except a corporation; hence this ship has a genius, and ought to be the commander of some first class steam ship.

Yours, &c., ROB ROY.

A TERRIBLE RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—*Four Men Killed and Another One Injured.*—Aside from the terrible railroad wrecks and wholesale destruction of human life which sometimes occur on the several lines of travel, nothing so frightful has ever taken place on the Pennsylvania Rail Road as the shocking accident which, on Wednesday morning last, midway between Cresson and Gallitzin, hurried four men into eternity at one full swoop and injured another quite severely. The facts of this shocking affair are that five men named respectively Jacob Bowder, aged 40 years, married and the father of four children, Edwin Pardee, aged 23, Amos Pardee, aged 20, Persifor Smith Irwin, aged 16, and Wm. W. Irwin, who were on their return home to Indiana county from a rafting trip down the river, got off the Johnstown Accommodation at Gallitzin for the purpose of pursuing the rest of their journey on foot, but finding the snow too deep, afterwards concluded to walk to Cresson and take the Branch train for this place. In the doing of this, and while passing through a comparatively deep cut at the point indicated, a coal train east came dashing along, which they avoided by stepping from the south to the north track, but in so doing they got almost immediately in front of the Pacific Express west, which was just then rounding a short curve in the cut spoken of, and in almost the twiukling of an eye four of the unfortunate men were hurried into eternity and the fifth, Wm. W. Irwin, had a bone in one of his legs broken. Bowder was the only one of the party who was run over by the train, two of the others being thrown to the right and two to the left of the track. One of Bowder's arms was nearly torn from the socket. The Irwin brothers resided within four miles of Cherry Tree, the Pardee brothers some ten miles from that place, and Border was a resident of said village. The dead bodies were taken to Cresson and an inquest was held by Coroner Harrold, after which they were coffined and boxed by John Sharbaugh, Esq., of Summitville, and on Thursday they were brought to this place and sent to their respective friends by two wagons and eight horses provided for the purpose. The injured man was also brought here and is now lying at the Crawford House. It is worthy of being put on record that some eighteen persons in all have been killed on the very spot where these unfortunate men met their terrible deaths.

—Those who've money too much are troubled about it; those who have none at all are troubled without it; but those who have just enough are the least troubled of all so long as they can buy cheap for cash at Star Clothing Hall, which is the place of all places to purchase the best of choice wearing apparel—pants, coat and vest; where the stock is complete, well made and neat, and prices at the lowest notch down, at 109 Clinton street, in famous Johnstown. Spring suits of all styles and sizes just received.

THE MAGIC INKSTAND.—What better or more useful article than this valuable invention? It is a little treasure, costing but two (2) dollars, and makes ink enough to last a lifetime. No acid can affect it; no climate prevent its flowing brilliantly. It is just the thing wanted. Sold by all stationers, or by mail from R. C. ROOT, ANTHONY & CO., New York.

—Hess & Brother have just received a full and most elegant stock of Spring and Summer wearing apparel at their renowned Oak Hall Clothing Store, Johnstown. Messrs. Hess are always up to the times, always enterprising, liberal and attentive, and always deserve and should receive the patronage of all classes. Buy from them—always.

—As we go to press Thursday evening the weather clerk seems to be undecided as to which we stand most in need of, rain or snow.

Local Correspondence.

SUMMIT, April 25, 1874.

DEAR FREEMAN—Our town is about as quiet as usual and not much larger in size, though it will be before long, as there are several new buildings in contemplation. Our borough council has passed an ordinance requiring all persons owning property fronting on the principle streets to lay board-walks. This will be a great advantage to pedestrians, and will also add greatly to the appearance of the town.—The men who compose that *august* body are certainly men of progress and energy. They saw the necessity for this improvement and therefore caused it to be executed.

It is on *dit* here that a grand ball will take place at the Mansion House during the coming week, on which occasion no less than three brides will be in attendance to add to the attractions of the hop. Hope it may be true.

As now is the time for candidates for county offices to put in an appearance, we see no reason why the Summit should not have one. We think that our old friend, Mr. John Quayle, would make a first class Commissioner. We do not know whether he would consent to have his name come before the people, but he should permit it by all means. He is an unflinching Democrat and could be elected like a jiffy.

I see by the last issue of the FREEMAN that "Hubbub" finds fault with me for mentioning that *strike* which the *sages* who run the Lilly's school made. Well this is very natural, as "Hubbub" is closely related to one of the aforesaid *sages*, and of course does not appreciate anything that is said about the *strike*. As "Hubbub" resides about one mile from Portage, in what is known as "Owl's Bottom," we presume he knows more about that bird than any one else. Possibly he knows how high they roost and probably they have looked down upon him some time with *contempt* when he was making his daily trips to Portage. Further than that, we beg leave to remind "Hubbub" that we do not pay as much attention to other people's business as he does himself, and it is no more than proper that he, the *celebrated* 'Squire of Portage, should be mum on that point. He localizes Portage up admirably, but let him not accuse others of doing things which he is in a greater degree guilty of.

Our dearly beloved "Anti-Local" did not respond, for which we are sorry, but it cannot be helped. She must certainly be convalescent by this time.

Well, as news is scarce now we will close. More ano: Yours &c., LOCAL.

HYMENEAL.

FLATTERY—SHOEMAKER.—Married, in Iowa City, Iowa, on Thursday April 23d, by Rev. Wm. Edmonds, WILLIAM FLATTERY, Esq., of Johnstown, and Mrs. MARY SHOEMAKER, formerly of this place.

CONWAY—HOOVER.—Married at St. Augustine, on the 21st ult., by Rev. T. McEnrue, Mr. THOMAS CONWAY and Miss ELLIE HOOVER, both of that place.

MAHER—HUDSON.—Married, at the Catholic church, Summitville, on Tuesday last, by Rev. J. Hackett, Mr. JAMES A. MAHER and Miss MOLLIE C. HUDSON, both of Lilly's Station, this county.

OBITUARY.

LUCKETT.—Died, in Barr township, on the 23th ult., ANNIE JOSEPHINE, daughter of James and Mary A. Luckett, aged 5 years, 1 month and 3 days.

Oh! it is very hard for us to part with you, dear little Annie, but we bid you go in your innocence to join that celestial band of angels who day and night surround the throne of Him who has said, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." J. L.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE—Letters testamentary on the estate of HENRY BUCK, late of Carroll township, dec'd, having been granted to the subscriber by the Register of Cambria county, the customary notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate, and those having claims against the same will present them duly probated for settlement.

ANDREW SCHRITTMATTER.
Carroll Twp., May 1, 1874.-6t. Executor.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of JOHN J. WARNER, dec'd.
Having been appointed Administrator of the estate of said decedent, late of St. Lawrence, Chest township, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement. CHRISTOPHER WARNER.
Chest Twp., May 1, 1874.-6t. Adm'r.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE!—Having been appointed by the Orphans' Court of Cambria County to hear and decide upon the exceptions to the second account of MARY NAGLE, Adm'x of RICHARD H. NAGLE, late of Susquehanna township, dec'd, and report distribution of the balance in her hands: notice is hereby given to all parties interested, that I will attend to the duties of said appointment, at my office in Ebensburg, on THURSDAY, MAY 21st, 1874, at 2 o'clock P.M., when and where they must attend, or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.

Ebensburg, May 1, 1874.-3t. GEO. W. OATMAN, Auditor.

Valuable Real Estate at Private Sale.

THE undersigned offers for sale his well known **Tavern Stand and One-half Acre of Ground**, situated in Chest township, Cambria county. The HOUSE is 40 by 60 feet, well finished, one part of it being fitted up for a store-room, and there is a commodious STABLE and all necessary OUTBUILDINGS. The LOT is well set with choice FRUIT TREES, and there is a never-failing pump of excellent water near the house. This property is located in the village of St. Boniface, in above township. Persons desirous of purchasing should apply at once to BALTZER HELFRICH.
St. Boniface P. O., May 1, 1874.-tf.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.—By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria County, to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale, on the premises in Washington township, Cambria county, on **MONDAY, MAY 25th, 1874**, at 2 o'clock, P. M., the following described real estate, of which Wm. Tiley, sr., died seized, to wit:

No. 1.—The undivided third part of a tract of land known as the Ross property, situate in Washington Township, in the County of Cambria, and State of Pennsylvania, adjoining lands of Otho Styner, dec'd, D. J. Morrell, and others, containing **96 Acres**, more or less, with appurtenances.

No. 2.—A certain tract of land situate in Washington township, Cambria county, Pennsylvania, adjoining lands of **Jas. Conrad**, Otho Styner, and others, containing **35 Acres**, more or less, with the appurtenances.

No. 3.—A certain tract of land situate in Washington township, Cambria county, Pennsylvania, adjoining lands of Peter Moyers, R. B. Westbrook and others, containing **52 Acres**, more or less, with the appurtenances.

No. 4.—A lot of ground situate in Washington township aforesaid, bounded by land of Wm. McCloskey, Thomas Hewitt, and others, containing **One-fourth of an Acre.**

No. 5.—A lot of ground situate in the village of Hemlock, Washington township aforesaid, bounded by the Old Portage Rail Road, Pennsylvania Rail Road, and land of John Hamilton and Wm. Tiley, containing **3 Acres**, more or less, with the appurtenances.

Terms.—One-third of the purchase money in hand and the remainder in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by bond and mortgage of the purchaser.

WILLIAM TILEY,
[5-1.-3t.] Adm'r of Wm. Tiley, sr., dec'd.

RECEIPTS & EXPENDITURES of the Borough of Ebensburg for the year ending 28th February, 1874:

Dr.

To amount of Duplicate, 1873		$1,184 18
" cash received from Weighmaster		114 75
" " " " sale of Toll House		277 41
" " " " Fines and License		32 00
" " " " G. A. Berry, late Burgess		15 00
" cash received from William Davis, late Treasurer		259 85
" cash rec'd for Rent of Market House		23 33
		$1,926 52

Cr.

By exonerations to Collector	$ 7 04	
" commission paid Collector	58 85	
" " " Treasurer	12 92	
" cash paid Assessor	5 00	
" " " Return Judges	3 00	
" " " Borough Auditors	10 00	
" " " Fire Committee	30 00	
" " " Clerk to Council	40 00	
" " " Street Commis'ers	146 00	
" " " for Printing	21 75	
" " " Repairs to St'ts and Alleys	214 78	
" cash paid for New Crossings	80 00	
" " " Borough Property, Lumber, &c	238 92	
" cash paid old Indebtedness	112 54	$1,010 78
Balance in hands of Treasurer		$ 915 74

ASSETS.

Balance in hands of Treasurer		$ 915 74
" due from sale of Toll House		141 44
" " " Wm. Davis, late Tr'r.		40 07
		$1,097 25

LIABILITIES.

Outstanding Orders	19 85
Balance in favor of Borough	$1,077 40

Witness our hands, at Ebensburg, the 16th day of March, 1874.

JOHN GITTINGS, } Auditors.
[5-1.-3t.] JNO. E. SCANLAN, }

GEO. M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on Centre street, three doors from High street. [aug 22, '72.]

LIST OF RETAILERS OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC MERCHANDISE, as assessed in Cambria County for the year 1874:

ADAMS TOWNSHIP.

Class.	Lic'se.	Class.	Lic'se.
14 Charles Helsel	$ 7 00	14 Porter & Keanedy	$ 7 00
14 George Orris	7 00		

ALLEGHENY TOWNSHIP.

14 William J. Buck	$ 7 50

BARR TOWNSHIP.

14 John Solsong	$ 7 00

BLACKLICK TOWNSHIP.

14 George B. Wike	$ 7 00

CARROLLTOWN BOROUGH.

14 Simon Schroth	$ 7 00	14 A. Walters	$ 7 00
14 John Buck	7 00	18 A. A. Barker & Son	10 00
14 J. Wertner	7 00	14 J. E. Maucher	7 50
14 J W Sharbaugh	7 00		
14 A. H. Hauk	7 00		

CAMBRIA BOROUGH.

14 John Ryan	$ 7 00	14 James Connell	$ 7 00
14 John Kintz	7 00	14 Adam Pfarr	7 00
14 Joseph Stibich	7 00		

CONEMAUGH BOROUGH.

14 Jacob Widman	$ 7 00	14 Louisa Aaron	$ 7 00
14 John Stormer	7 00	14 Mich'l Tobey	7 00
13 Johnstown Mechan'l Works	10 00	18 Nutter, Cuningham & Co.	10 00
14 Aug. Lehmyer	7 00		

COOPERSDALE BOROUGH.

14 John Bryan	$ 7 00	14 John Adams	$ 7 00

CROYLE TOWNSHIP.

14 G. B. Stineman	$ 7 00	14 J. C. Stineman & Co.	$ 7 00
14 P.M. & J.Brown	7 00		
14 J. D. Wintroth	7 00		

CRESS SPRINGS BOROUGH.

14 E. & H. Nutter & Co.	$ 10 00	14 S. M. Douglass	$ 7 00

CLEARFIELD TOWNSHIP.

14 E. R. Dunegan	$ 7 00	14 J.Dysert & Son	$ 7 00
14 Dickey & Son	7 00	14 Balt'r Helfrich	7 00

EAST CONEMAUGH BOROUGH.

14 P. Shaffer	$ 7 00	14 Buchanan & Clark	$ 7 00
14 Thomas Egan	7 00		
14 R'rd Trudenick	7 00	14 A.W.Gochnour	7 00
14 Leonard Kist	7 00		

EBENSBURG BOROUGH.

14 Thos. J. Lloyd	$ 7 50	14 Gittings Jones & Co.	$ 7 00
14 Thos. Griffiths	7 00		
12 E.Roberts&Son	12 50	14 Andrew Stricklett	7 50
14 Lemmon & Murray	7 00	13 Geo. Huntley	10 00
14 G. G. Owens	7 00	13 Myers & Lloyd	10 00
14 Reese J. Lloyd	7 00	14 S. H. Davis	7 00
12 A. A. Barker & Son	12 50	13 J. P. Thompson	10 00
		14 Jacob Thomas	7 00
14 D. Evans & Co.	7 00	14 G. C. K. Zahm	7 00
13 Baxter & Son	10 00	14 C. T. Roberts	7 00
14 M. L. Oatman	7 00	14 E. J. Mills	7 00

FRANKLIN BOROUGH.

14 A. & J.L.Custer	$ 7 00	14 J. W. Pringle	$ 7 00
14 D. W. Coulter	7 00	14 Peter Rubritz	7 00

GALLITZIN TOWNSHIP.

14 Jas. P. Murray	$ 7 00	14 P. Smith	$ 7 00
14 Thos. Bradley	7 00		

GALLITZIN BOROUGH.

14 David Mills	$ 7 00	14 T. J. Christy	$ 7 00
14 John. Troxell	7 00	14 John Simmons	7 00

JACKSON TOWNSHIP.

14 S. Allabaugh	$ 7 00	& Co	$ 7 00
14 Davis, Berkett		14 D. Simmons	7 00

JOHNSTOWN BOROUGH.

14 F. W. Hay	$ 7 00	14 Wm. P. Patton	$ 7 00
14 A. Recke	7 00	14 Jacob Wild	7 00
14 L. F. Litenberger	7 00	14 Andrew Moses	7 00
14 George Heiser	7 00	14 Emil Young	7 00
14 David Creed	7 00	14 A. Burgraff	7 00
14 John Jordan	7 00	14 E. Zang	7 00
14 E. James & Son	7 00	14 Chas. S. Ruth	7 00
14 Lewis, Myles & Co	7 00	14 Griffith & Bro	7 00
14 Thos. Shephard	7 00	14 John Pendry	7 00
14 Paul McCreery	7 00	14 V. Luther	7 00
14 Ch. Wagoner & Son	7 00	14 Geo. Unverzagt	7 00
14 Mrs. E. Kohler	7 00	14 Murphy & Co	7 00
14 A. D. Brinker & Co	7 00	14 T. & G. Gallagher	7 00
14 J. S. Ashbridge	7 00	14 L. Cohen	7 00
14 Jno. F. Barnes	7 00	14 A.Montgomery	7 00
14 John Hannan	7 00	14 Fred'k Mayers	7 00
14 McClellan & Co	7 00	14 Bailey & Hay	7 00
14 John Hannan	7 00	14 F. W. Kirlin	7 00
14 McClellan & Co	7 00	13 F. W. Kreps	10 00
14 A. D. Brinker & Co	7 00	13 S. J. Hess & Bro	10 00
14 Jas. E. Ramsey	7 00	13 M. H. Nathanson	10 00
13 Blaugh & Crawford	7 00	13 D. Dibert & Son	10 00
		13 J. A. McKinney	10 00
14 W. L. Levingston & Co	7 00	10 T. G. Stewart & Co	20 00
14 C. Hockstein	7 00	10 Beam & Tittle	20 00
1 Wood, Morrell & Co	200 00	12 M. Bossart & Co	12 50
14 Jno. F. Hayes	7 00	14 J. A. Benshoof	7 00
14 George Trent	7 00	14 Wm. Berlin	7 00
14 Fockler & Co	7 00	14 Geo. J. Thomas	7 00
14 Fockler & Levergood	7 00	14 C. Heckroth	7 00
		14 D. & W. Dibert	7 00
14 Blaugh & Stutzman	7 00	14 Miss J. Brinker	7 00
14 Thomas & Slegler	7 00	14 Jacoby & Rose	7 00
		14 W. P. Davis	7 00
14 F. Border	7 00	14 J. T. Kinney	7 00
14 C. T. Frazer	7 00	14 John Miller	7 00
14 John Bradly	7 00	14 S. W. Wilson	7 00
14 W. W. Pike	7 00	13 John Thomas	10 00
14 Lewis Wehn	7 00	13 N. C. Wilder	10 50
14 Andrew Beck	7 00	13 Howe S. M. Co	10 00
14 W. McPherson	7 00	14 Mary Nagle	7 00
14 C. Kriger	7 00	14 E. Pfeister	7 00
14 Mrs. E. Call	7 00	14 John Bloch	7 50
14 Brindle, Kunkle & Co	7 00	14 Little & Dopp	7 00
14 W. Updeg

MUSICAL STUPIDITIES.—A commonsense listener thus describes the performance of some of our church music, and the effect produced upon his mind :

"The solemn worship of God was introduced by a solo, 'Consider the lilies,' performed by the leading singers of the choir, gracefully accompanied by the organ. So far as the music was concerned, it was beautifully and faultlessly rendered. The effect upon my mind, however, was anything but devotional. The singers commenced, 'Consider the lilies of the field,' &c., and when she came up to the application it ran thus : 'And yet I say unto you —that even Solomon, in all his glory—was not arrayed—like one of these—was not arrayed—was not arrayed—like one of these —was not arrayed [interlude by the organ] —was not arrayed [interlude by the organ] —like one of these.' And then she went back again, and asseverated in the most emphatic manner, 'I say unto you that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed—was not arrayed—was not arrayed' (pause) until I began to despair for poor Solomon, lest he should never get the very first of his garments on.

"There was yet another piece of church —not sacred—music, in which the soprano led off with the announcement, 'I will wash ;' and then came in the contralto, 'I will wash; and then the tenor, 'I will wash;' and then from the profoundest depths comes up the gutteral of the bass, saying also, 'I will wash ;' and last of all they strike in together, crying out in concert, 'I will wash.' No one could imagine that this singular and oft-repeated announcement of an intended ablution was a rendering in sacred song for the spiritual edification of a Christian congregation of those solemn words of the Psalmist, 'I will wash my hands in innocency; so I will compass thine altar, Oh, Lord!'"

WHAT KILLED THE "WEEKLY" HERALD.—Fifteen or sixteen years ago a man named Harvey started a weekly paper at Williamson's, Ingham county, called the *Herald*. The town was small, the times dull, and Harvey was propably the laziest editor who ever had anything to do with a Michigan paper. The citizens encouraged him all they could, and finally the gentleman who had furnished most of the capital dropped into the office one Friday to see Harvey and spur him up a little. It was publication day, but the outside only, half made up, was on the stone, and not a line had been set for the inside. Harvey was in the yard back of the office digging fish-worms, and was called in.

"See here, Harvey, you are not doing as you should," commenced the gentleman ; "here it is Friday, and you haven't worked the first side of your paper."

"I see—I—haven't," slowly replied the editor, looking in the drawer for a fish line.

"Well when are you going to get the paper out ?"

"Some—time—next—week."

"But this is no way to do business, Mr. Harvey. When you came here didn't you agree to issue the paper every Friday ?"

"I—presume—I—did," drawled Harvey, "but—I—did—not—know—the—fis hing—was—so—good."

He took his rod and went to the banks of the Cedar, and when he returned the office was packed in boxes marked "old type," and a note on the door read : "The *Herald* is dead—too many suckers killed it —*Detroit Free Press.*

MR. BROWN AND HIS UMBRELLA.—Brown stood for over an hour on a street corner the other day, holding a gigantic umbrella over him. When any of his acquaintances not similarly provided—who the day before would scarcely condescend to give him a nod of recognition—happened to see him, they would smilingly salute him, inquire how he felt, were all the family well, etc., winding up by asking him if he was going up or down, as the case might be. "Yes, directly," Brown would say, 'wait a moment." After waiting some time, and repeated nudges having failed to bring him, the friend who was solicitous about Brown's health would attempt to emerge from the shelter of the umbrella, when Brown would importune him to wait a moment longer, asking him after he had already waited five to ten minutes what was his particular hurry. At last the friend—who could not perceive anything so very funny in the neighborhood that should produce such a broad grin on Brown—with a look on his face as though he had just discovered that he cashed a bogus check, would dive from under the umbrella and walk off as if he was mad at something.

"HOW DRY I AM!"—On a sleeping car, the other night, one of the lady passengers exclaimed in a slow and solemn voice: "Oh, how dry I am!" There was a moment's pause, and again rang out, "Oh how dry I am!" Another moment passed, and the dozen sleepers were once more startled by the sepulchral information, "Oh how dry I am!" "Won't somebody get that woman a drink?" howled an old gentleman, who, being rheumatic, and occupying an upper berth, could not very well do it himself. The demand was complied with, and the graceful sound of gurgling water was soon heard. Then there was a moment of silence, and following it came in the same solemn tones, "Oh, how dry I was!" There appeared to be no doubt about it by the occupants of the car, and if the truth could have been known, they were unselfishly glad that she had found relief, and they composed themselves afresh for sleep. Then the voice again smote the air, "Oh, how dry I was!" Everybody started, and every eye was distended. "Oh, how dry I was!" repeated the grateful woman.—"Then dry up!" screamed the gallant gentleman in the upper berth. She did.—*Truckee Republican.*

NEW TREATMENT FOR CONSUMPTIVES —A foreign paper says: Dr. Wm. Koch, of Berlin, well known to specialties from his investigations in the domain of modern surgery, and from his treaties of gunshot fractures, has discovered a new method of treatment for consumption. It consists of healing up the affected portions of the lungs by injections of iodine, so as to check the progress of festering, which is the origin of the disease. This treatment has been tested in the great hospitals of Berlin within a short time, among others at the Royal Charity, in the presence of the most eminent surgeons. All the reports of the cases in which this treatment has been administered are favorable, and hold out a promise of complete cure. For many years Dr. Koch has been trying the experiment with animals, having tested it with more than three hundred at a vast outlay of time and money.

HOW TO KEEP THE ROADS IN GOOD REPAIR.—In Lancaster county, the supervisors of Fulton township sell their roads to the lowest bidder, to keep them in repairs for the year, and it is said the plan works very satisfactorily. After six years' trial the supervisors of the above township make the following statement in their handbill announcing the sale : "After six years' experience, with greatly improved roads, we have been able to reduce the tax *one thousand dollars* per annum, thus clearly demonstrating that our system of mending the roads, when impartially carried out, is far preferable to the old one."

ONE of those dreadful statisticians, a Frenchman this time, has worked out the probable performances of the average man of 50 years of age. He finds that during that period said "average man" has slept 6,000 days, worked 6,500 days, walked 800 days, a mused himself 4,000 days, spent 1,500 in eating, and been sick 500 days. He has eaten 17,000 pounds of bread, 16,000 pounds of meat, 4,600 pounds of vegetables, fish, etc., and drank 7,000 gallons of liquids.

TREASURER'S SALE
—OF—
UNSEATED LANDS AND LOTS
In Cambria County, A. D. 1874.

I, A. D. CRISTE, Treasurer of Cambria County, in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in pursuance of the Several Acts of Assembly in said Commonwealth directing the time and manner of selling Unseated Lands for Taxes, do hereby give notice that the following described Tracts of Unseated Lands and Lots of Ground in the said County of Cambria, or such parts thereof as may be necessary to pay arrearages of taxes due thereon for one year or more, will be offered for sale, at the **Court House in the Borough of Ebensburg**, on the **Second Monday** (being the **8th** day) **of June next**, and continue, by adjournment from day to day, until the whole be sold for such arrearages of taxes, and costs necessarily accruing thereon.

UNSEATED LANDS.

NAMES OF OWNERS OR WARRANTEES.

A's.	Per's.		Years.	Taxes.
		ADAMS TWP.		
570		Martin McDonald	1872 & 1873	$ 83 04
173		William Nichols	" "	10 20
428	40	Samuel Calvin	" "	25 54
401		Jacob Clement	" "	23 68
400		John Williams (Smith tract)	" "	23 60
259		—— Copp	" "	15 29
245	54	Penn'a R. R. Co	" "	57 82
403		Hen'y Rice	" "	23 80
1	0	Francis Deevlin	" "	5 90
400		Ferdinand Gardner	" "	12 80
120		Geo. B. Stineman	" "	15 38
		BLACKLICK TWP.		
30		G. Boring	" "	6 80
160		Charles H. Brady	" "	15 21
160		J. Jordan	" "	13 60
97		John W. Duncan	" "	15 19
98		Paul Dishong	" "	13 19
130		John Tilford	" "	19 86
50		William Davis	" "	6 25
7		A. Brown & Brallier	" "	95
50		Gabriel Boring	" "	6 80
106		Thomas R. Williams	" "	14 28
615		Dan'l & John Davis	" "	29 49
415		Mary Evans	" "	23 01
		BATH TWP.		
108		Thomas Edwards	" "	13 38
40		David Barr	" "	4 92
160		Thomas Williams	" "	12 30
240		Alex. Barr (part of).	" "	29 50
		CAMBRIA TWP.		
50		Andrew Duff	" "	3 00
100		John Brown	" "	6 00
174		John Morgan	" "	20 54
		CARROLL TWP.		
108		Thomas Edwards	" "	17 14
25	80	John Hoops	" "	3 98
109		Thomas Williams	" "	7 35
148		James Hoops	" "	17 74
60		John B. Hoffman	" "	14 32
240		Alex. Barr (part of).	" "	17 64
		CHEST TWP.		
316	110	William Parker	" "	248 64
453	44	Anthony Simmons	" "	167 24
452	44	Nat. Loughborough	" "	167 24
303	700	Fred'k Molemaux	" "	112 12
321	82	Thomas Ketland	" "	147 52
438	153	John Ashley	" "	160 22
201	63	Thomas Masters	" "	74 58
147	28	John Ketland	" "	25 38
153	80	Henry Phillips	" "	91 02
391	64	Charles Pope	" "	145 22
225	68	George Pole	" "	83 26
332	57	Joseph Pope	" "	49 13
212	44	Samuel Ruth	" "	78 44
168	132	George Gibson	" "	124 22
150	132	Henry Seely	" "	11 10
134	57	Samuel Peters	" "	99 16
319	197	Hugh Hoops	" "	23 59
382	108	John Pope	" "	78 28
216	163	James Hoops	" "	159 94
269	141	George Hoops	" "	30 93
124	121	Nathan Foster	" "	18 34
187	120	Henry Foster (part)	" "	13 86
50		James Foster	" "	18 50
74		Simon Noel	" "	6 54
74		James Noel	" "	10 89
72		James Pope (part)	" "	26 64
200		Andrew Weaver	" "	118 40
400		William Gray	" "	49 96
435	158	Joseph Gray	" "	32 04
350		Jas. Foster and Geo. Gibson	" "	259 00
405	106	James Ruth	" "	89 94
225	122	Martin Myre	" "	33 30
883		Samuel Butler and Samuel Ruth	" "	59 20
158	16	John Myre	" "	12 29
243		Thomas Penrose	" "	54 02
127		William Parker	" "	99 90
156	137	Simon Walker	" "	80 32
165	135	Henry Phillips	" "	99 90
172	139	John Hoops	" "	25 45
400		Robert Ewing	" "	29 60
400		George Swentz	" "	29 80
677	106	Lloyd & Hipsh	" "	21 86
270		Finney, Barrow & Co	" "	91 94
60		William Butler	" "	4 44
156		William Parke	" "	94 72
72		Patrick Flinn	" "	24 35
		CLEARFIELD TWP.		
483	153	Jonathan Lewis	" "	157 62
350		Jesse Bush	" "	36 40
200		Patrick Kelly	" "	27 60
388		Patrick Kelly	" "	27 60
60		Mark McGuire	" "	16 58
150		Celestine McMullen	" "	35 49
100		Joseph Trexler, Jr	" "	18 20
400		James Harris	" "	82 80
453		Morris Wolff	" "	60 16
110		Joseph Davis	" "	26 02
400		Henry Davis	" "	72 80
410		Morris Davis	" "	74 62
200		Jesse Hoops	" "	27 20
400		Bell & Blair	" "	109 20
400		Joseph Harris	" "	72 80
40		John Mease	" "	15 20
383	154	John Fisher	" "	121 60
144		E. R. Dunegan	" "	27 58
160		Anthony Conrad	" "	63 70
184	60	Jesse Hoops (part)	" "	83 48
168		James Hoops	" "	19 66
29½		Joseph Cooper	" "	5 42
25		Philip Cooper	" "	18 20
169		Orivin & Runstead	" "	65 97
426		Samuel Calvin	" "	84 68
459			" "	83 48
14		Riley & Sargent	" "	4 75
200		John Boyherline	" "	34 85
		CONEMAUGH TWP.		
30		S. H. Smith	" "	2 24
82		Widow Stewart	" "	6 89
57		James Burk	" "	11 26
300	126	Richard Smith	" "	16 80
	Lots.	CROYLE TWP.		
	3	Ann M. Brallier	" "	3 94
11	00	Samuel S. Paul	" "	2 72
18		P. M. & J. Brown	" "	3 31
34			" "	5 56
		GALLITZIN TWP.		
199		Aaron Bowen	" "	80 78
100		Wm. M'Dougal (part)	" "	16 20
220		Mifflin Hannan	" "	35 64
62		Robert Whitehead	" "	10 04
75		Mary Hannan	" "	18 60
50		Nicholas Bell	" "	8 10
400		Thomas Gorman	" "	97 20
18		S. C. Baker	" "	4 57
		JACKSON TWP.		
235		John Hulby	" "	27 74
25		Daniel Goughnour	" "	2 70
129		Daniel Leavy	" "	15 17
413		William Morris	" "	43 80
208		Isaac Benson	" "	21 90
42		Alex. Hunter	" "	4 66
181		Daniel Perley	" "	19 78
184		Joseph Ewing	" "	20 15
89		James Rees	" "	9 71
405	135	John Simpson	" "	43 80
116		Samuel Davis	" "	16 96
61		Philip Alwine	" "	4 46
116		James Bracken	" "	12 25
440		Van Camp Bush	" "	43 80
254		John Wigton (part)	" "	32 15
50		Abe Goughnour	" "	5 40
40		Henry Borabaugh	" "	2 92
150		Evan M. Davis	" "	25 55
109		Samuel White	" "	7 30
150		Samuel Black	" "	18 25
400		John Black	" "	29 20
400		Andrew Black	" "	29 20
400		David Black	" "	29 20
		SUMMERHILL TWP.		
439	80	Black & Collins	" "	
439	80	Jacob Nagle, half of	" "	15 15
439	80	Henry Woods, " "	" "	15 15
439	80	James Dalton, " "	" "	15 15
357	80	Jas. Searight, " "	" "	15 15
440		Isaac Breman	" "	34 64
440		Wm. Smith, D. D	" "	30 26
370	40	Israel Jones	" "	25 53
429		Wilson Hunt	" "	29 61
440		Ebenezer Branham	" "	30 36
130		Henry & C. Zellers	" "	8 97
31		Edward Seuser	" "	4 98
		SUSQUEHANNA TWP.		
100		Morgan Jones	" "	7 40
242		James Thompson	" "	124 32
146		S. W. Fisher	" "	11 01
		TAYLOR TWP.		
109	155	Adam Ross	" "	21 00
100		James Glover	" "	27 20
		WASHINGTON TWP.		
438		George Gutwalt	" "	42 90
200		Samuel Hinds	" "	19 80
400		J. R. McFarland	" "	39 60
400		Rich'd Constantine	" "	39 60
262		Simon Roop	" "	24 94
176		Henry L. Patterson	" "	17 42
100		A. M. & R. White	" "	9 90
200		F. George	" "	19 80
200		Philip Wise	" "	19 80
150		Phillip Collins	" "	14 86
304		Geo. M. Reade	" "	30 10
3761		Arent Susman	" "	372 38
1016		David Watson	" "	67 06
		WHITE TWP.		
302		Simon Walker	" "	18 44
400		Henry Phillips	" "	36 60
333		John Martin	" "	20 31
217		John Thompson	" "	13 25
65	70	William Lambert	" "	8 98
115		Thomas Town	" "	7 08
160		Joseph Hutchinson	" "	6 10
423	153	William Coats	" "	26 41
371	73	William Firth	" "	22 64
263		James Wilson	" "	24 03
102	109	William George	" "	9 32
203	7	Abraham Witmer	" "	12 20
90		David Yonkin	" "	1 83
47		Herman Haupt	" "	2 88
98		Jacob King	" "	6 01
453		Patrick Boreland	" "	79 27
109		John Myer	" "	6 10
179	81	George Graff	" "	43 38
4		Graff & Malone	" "	27
25		George Walters	" "	1 54
70		Henry Such	" "	4 27
453		Patrick Stroud	" "	38 67
180	18	John Cisy	" "	18 85
200		P. Sneeringer	" "	30 60
		Charles Runstead	" "	
445		Alexander Brown	" "	65 14

A's.	Per's.		Years.	Taxes.
		WHITE TWP.—CONT'D.		
445		Thomas Brown	1872 & 1873	$ 65 14
445		William Harris	" "	65 14
445		John Harris	" "	65 14
445		James Reed	" "	65 26
140		John Barron, jr	" "	8 44
216	158	Henry Phillips	" "	26 27
433	153	Simon Walker	" "	52 70
45		John Ketland	" "	2 78
174	108	Thomas Sanburn	" "	12 20
433	163	Martin Bush	" "	26 41
433	153	Morris Such	" "	26 41
415		Morris Bush	" "	24 74
159		Henry Bush	" "	2 70
100		Joseph Boreland	" "	6 10
393		Thomas Canby	" "	95 80
221	19	John Craig	" "	83 02
187		Fred'k Molenaux	" "	11 42
100		David Jackson	" "	6 10
160		Henry Kepple	" "	6 10
100		William Barlin	" "	6 10
100		William Brodle	" "	6 10
50		John Servoss	" "	3 05
871	73	William Bush	" "	22 64
455	136	Thomas Sanburn	" "	90 28
170	93	Simon Walker	" "	41 48
384	106	Henry Phillips	" "	86 38
250		Calvin & Ranstead	" "	74 29
111		Charles McGough	" "	20 31
433		Troxell & Glasgow	" "	26 41
80		McFarland & Dillon	" "	96
		Riley & Sargent		
60		William Sargent	" "	3 66
100		Andrew Eply	" "	6 10
90		William Smith	" "	5 49
70		David Jackson	" "	4 27
50		Garrett Cottringer	" "	3 05
150		Samuel H. Smith	" "	9 15
		YODER TWP.		
150		Heirs of C. Johnson	" "	14 20
60		George Shrum	" "	5 60
280		Henry Sutton	" "	24 35
300		George Giles	" "	28 40
55			" "	7 10
400		Jacob Crook	" "	37 63
60		Gorgas, Cohick & Sharp	" "	5 68
27	17	Francis Devlin	" "	2 58
200		John Wirtz	" "	18 89
400		William Wirtz	" "	37 63
400		Philip Collins	" "	37 58
12		Emanuel James	" "	21 20

SEATED LANDS.

Also, at the same time and place, will be sold the following Seated Lands and Lots of Ground on which taxes remain unpaid, and which have been returned agreeably to the Act of Assembly of April 20, 1844 :

NAMES OF OWNERS OR WARRANTEES.

Acres.			Years.	Taxes.
		ADAMS TWP.		
1308		Cambria Coal & Iron Company	1871	$ 76 28
50		" "	1872	1 05
1308		" "	" "	80 90
50		John Emigh	" "	1 80
19¾		Emanuel Dibel	" "	1 42
65		Franklin Devlin		80
		BLACKLICK TWP.		
167		Lewis R. Edwards	" "	18 68
178		" "	" "	7 53
589		Mulford & Aiters	" "	156 70
21		David Powell, sr	" "	3 88
100		John & Jas. Stoneback	" "	17 70
100		Ann Owens	" "	10 30
80		David Secrist	" "	1 98
90		Henry Egholt	" "	3 69
72		Wm. R. Morgan Est.		2 70
		CAMBRIA TWP		
13		O'Keefe's Heirs	" "	1 38
109		James Rowland	" "	10 62
3		Jones & Evans	" "	6 76
		Engine—Jones & Co	" "	5 64
H'ses.	Lots.	CAMBRIA BOR.		
1		David Bower	" "	1 00
1	1	Thomas Carroll	" "	2 00
2	2	Lewis Deiner	" "	9 00
½	½	Catharine Early	" "	4 20
1	1	Francis H. Devlin	" "	3 00
2	1	Evan P. Jones	" "	4 30
1	1	M. P. Kelly	" "	4 65
	1	Henry Kern	" "	1 60
	1	P. F. Light	" "	1 00
	1¾	Joseph Redmire	" "	2 39
	1	Bernard Reilly	" "	1 00
2	2	Beershank & Burns	" "	7 70
	1	Michael Quinn	" "	1 10
Acres.		CARROLL TWP.		
75		Charles Kennedy	" "	5 20
100		John Thomas	" "	8 93
51		A. Young, sr	" "	7 04
70		Bernard Donahoe	" "	6 21
		CHEST TWP.		
72		Patrick Flynn	" "	28 58
53		Jacob Nagle Est	" "	4 38
50		John Hipsh	" "	4 90
50		John Hipsh	" "	3 34
100		Uriah Lloyd	" "	17 03
98		Thomas Kirkpatrick	" "	6 87
		CLEARFIELD TWP.		
200		John Brotherline	" "	49 50
200		Bingham & Holliday	" "	148 47
69		A. L. Holliday	" "	28 70
230			" "	82 00
25		Robert Hewit	" "	5 98
140		Thomas Kays	" "	26 10
500		A. Humphreys	" "	105 16
215		Laugher & Lloyd	" "	15 18
50		Felix McGuire	" "	1 00
10		William McGuire	" "	1 00
113		Charles McKenna	" "	12 15
500		Louis Black	" "	23 10
41		Reed & Hall	" "	19 11
1		W. W. Sapp	" "	3 42
336		Moore & Simpson	" "	120 24
1		Cecelia Wilt	" "	1 15
25		Arthur Wharton	" "	5 40
137		Roselia Litzinger	" "	14 68
⅛		Jacob Brand	" "	2 37
50		Mary Bendon	" "	2 36
50		Dennis Croonan	" "	2 34
400		Samuel Calvin	" "	80 00
100		Luke McGuire	" "	4 95
51		James McCoy	" "	8 59
		CONEMAUGH TWP.		
80		Peter Horner	" "	4 68
40		William Orr	" "	13 20
16		Lucinda Reighard	" "	3 00
H'ses.	Lots.			
3		Cambria Iron Co	" "	2 10
1		—— Mooney	" "	54
1	1	A. Copeland	" "	1 44
		CONEMAUGH BOR.		
1	1	J. M. McClure	" "	15 30
1	1	Henry Schmeltz	" "	10 25
1	⅛	Joseph Fisher	" "	4 14
	⅛	Owen Smuller Estate		39
	1	A. Copeland	" "	6 60
1	7	John Fenlon	" "	81 60
	1	Casper Hoerle	" "	3 00
	2	Louis Plitt	" "	12 00
1	1	Mathew Reilly	" "	8 00
1	1	Samuel Rhodes	" "	12 00
Ac.		CROYLE TWP.		
	1	Cambria Coal & Iron Company	" "	38 60
220		Philip Collins	" "	63 55
18		Enos Ellis	" "	3 20
	1	William Dimond	" "	90
	25	Agnes Burk	" "	3 36
	1	John W. Jones	" "	1 06
	25	James Miller	" "	2 22
	5	George McAbee	" "	1 88
		FRANKLIN BOR.		
	1	William Patterson		27
		GALLITZIN TWP.		
	1	Owen Clark	" "	66
	1	John & James Hatton	" "	88
	2	James S. Given	" "	2 58
	1 1	Alice Hagan	" "	84
	99	D. & C. Moore	" "	15 46
	1	Owen Clark Estate	" "	1 10
	1	Owen McGovern Est.	" "	1 10
	1	Michael Dimond Est.		55
		JACKSON TWP.		
110		Jonathan Clevenger	" "	5 21
254		Wm. H. Story & Co	" "	27 12
200		Ephria McKelvy	" "	37
31		Hirum Beard	" "	1
52		David Constable	" "	99
160		David R. Davis	" "	11 04
50		Jacob Folcomer	" "	2 75
50		Merriman Lee	" "	1 57
75		Jas. Meridith	" "	1 52
1 1		Daniel Reighard	" "	1 21
50		Christ. Reffner	" "	2 48
		Wallace B. Stewart	" "	6 55
311		John Lloyd	" "	9 99
1 1		Mrs. McKenna	" "	39 42
1		Bennett Burgoon	" "	1 14
¼		Henry Theiler		15
1	¼	C. B. Ellis	" "	15 60
		MUNSTER TWP.		
200		John Noel	" "	25 83
25		Alice Riffle	" "	1 20
27		Augustine Glass	" "	4 66
93		William W. Howell	" "	11 70
		PROSPECT BOR.		
1 1		Bernard McGuire	" "	6 65
2		George McLain	" "	3 20
		RICHLAND TWP.		
80		Gruble's Estate	" "	3 60
1		Joseph Miller	" "	55
		SUMMERHILL TWP.		
146		Camb'a Coal & Iron Co	" "	41 80
372		C. B. Ellis	" "	44 28
144		John Egan	" "	43 05
10		Alice Hughes	" "	2 25
397		G. L. Lloyd Estate	" "	68 60
405		Patrick McGough	" "	18 98
300		Patrick McCrossin	" "	28 00
72			" "	6 58
584		Mears, White & Co	" "	62 44
264		" " "	" "	38 13
100		" " "	" "	14 57
220		" " "	" "	16 43
220		William P. Schell	" "	48 38
87		William A. Skelly	" "	12 20
49		Levi Rheam	" "	4 60
20		Alsip & Shiner	" "	2 88
44		Thomas Conly	" "	9 14
19		David D. Evans Est	" "	1 55
57		Blair & Shoemaker	" "	8 60
33		Eleanor Skelly	" "	7 62
		SUSQUEHANNA TWP.		
400		Uriah Lloyd	" "	134 80
300		Lloyd & Hipsh	" "	72 54
85		" "	" "	19 99
168		William McDonald	" "	5 60
400		McCoy & McCaig	" "	28 80
100		Pitts & McCaig	" "	4 50
50		E. R. Hollister	" "	4 74
90		Wm. Pyatt Estate	" "	9 19
100		Thomas B. Davis	" "	11 35
43		Aaron Davis	" "	11 35
50		John Peddicord	" "	11 87
		TAYLOR TWP.		
23¾		James P. McConahey	" "	12 00
23¾		George S. King	" "	12 00
2		Penn'a R. R. Co	" "	4 00
1 1		D. F. Ramsey	" "	6 84
	80	Malinda Rager	" "	4 86
	43	Williams & Marshall	" "	40 68
1		James H. Wilson	" "	5 20
5		L. B. Cohick	" "	1 40
1 1		Patrick Stanton	1871	1 26
1		Widow Gallagher	" "	2 30
		Thomas Kinney	" "	2
		John O'Neil	" "	2 15

Ac's. Hs. Ls. | | Years. | Taxes.

		WASHINGTON TWP.		
	1	James Burns	1871	$ 22
9		Dysart Heirs	" "	1 19
40		Evan E. Evans	1872	6 88
50		Sophia Hurd	" "	3 88
225		R. W. Lemon Estate	" "	23 62
½		Samuel Thomas	" "	1 13
	1	Clement Urban Est		44
100		Andrew Egee	" "	7 20
13		R. M. Brown	" "	4 57
50		Thomas Carroll	" "	7 30
	1 1	Mary A. Doherty	" "	1 32
25		William R. Hughes	" "	3 80
4		John Knepper, jr	" "	1 00
	1	Henry McKibbin	" "	35
2		George Mears	" "	4 40
	2 2	Martin Sanders	" "	3 60
4½		Jesse Woodcock	" "	5 56
1		James White	" "	24
78		R. Burtnett	" "	3 30
47		Patrick Carland	" "	2 20
	1	Elias Crum	" "	22
6		Daniel Noel	" "	1 10
	1 1	Laz. Riggle	" "	1 10
	1 1	Christ. Hager	" "	2 20
	1 1	Jacob Sevse	" "	59
	1 1	John Wagner	" "	1 50
		WILMORE BOR.		
	1 1	Patrick Harkins Est	" "	2 20
	1 1	Herman Paul	" "	2 20
	1 1	James Wright	" "	2 23
		WOODVALE BOR.		
	1	Henry S. Smith	" "	4 20
		WHITE TWP.		
409		James E. Davis	" "	18 78
4		William Hollen	" "	98
25		William Rheam, jr	" "	2 72
165		Lyoneli Wells	" "	12 11
100		Patrick Watson	" "	8 55
3		Daniel Farley	" "	44
	3	William Hollen	" "	22
45		Nicholas Kuhn	" "	58
70		John Krowes	" "	2 72
50		John H. Lovell	" "	2 68
50		James Oshal, jr	" "	2 35
60		A. Reams	" "	2 37
50		Jefferson Smith	" "	2 10
18		J. W. Smith	" "	1 20
50		Jacob Tricar	" "	2 68
383		Bishop Tract	" "	20 50
23		Mat. Cowen	" "	61
		YODER TWP.		
50		David Allen	" "	7 13
	1 1	Herman Bier	" "	2 50
	1 1	Martin Decker	" "	3 02
	1	David O. Davis	" "	2 69
	1	Joseph Mosholder	" "	1 90
5¾		William McLaughlin	" "	1 00
	1	Hiram Reed	" "	84
72		George S. King	" "	26 67
5¼		Jacob Kuhn	" "	55
⅝		Thomas Rodgers		99

A. D. CRISTE, Treasurer.
Treasurer's Office, April 1, 1874. (10-4t.)

G. C. K. ZAHM,
—DEALER IN—
DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS, GROCERIES,
HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES,
AND ALL OTHER ARTICLES GENERALLY KEPT IN A COUNTRY STORE.
WOOL AND COUNTRY PRODUCE
TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS.
Store on South Side of Main Street,
Ebensburg, Pa.

EBENSBURG
BOOK, DRUG and VARIETY STORE.
HAVING recently enlarged our stock we are now prepared to sell at a great reduction from former prices. Our stock consists of Drugs, Medicines, Perfum